FROM THE STALLS

(See Over).

Vol. XII.—July, 1904.—No. 69.

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Photo, Foulsham & Banfield.

MARIE ASHTON.

I love pigeons; I love bicycling and hate ms!" That is what Marie Ashton says herself—and a lot more also. She lots of pigeons, many of whom are e-winners—"but then they *will* get and that spoils them for showing." [Eat n—Ed. ROYAL.] "I used to ride every- here on my bicycle, but, one day, got upset by some horrid tram lines, and was ill for three months—not in bed all the time, but lying down in a punt on the river. It might have been much worse, you know." She is a dainty dancer, and as pretty as a picture.

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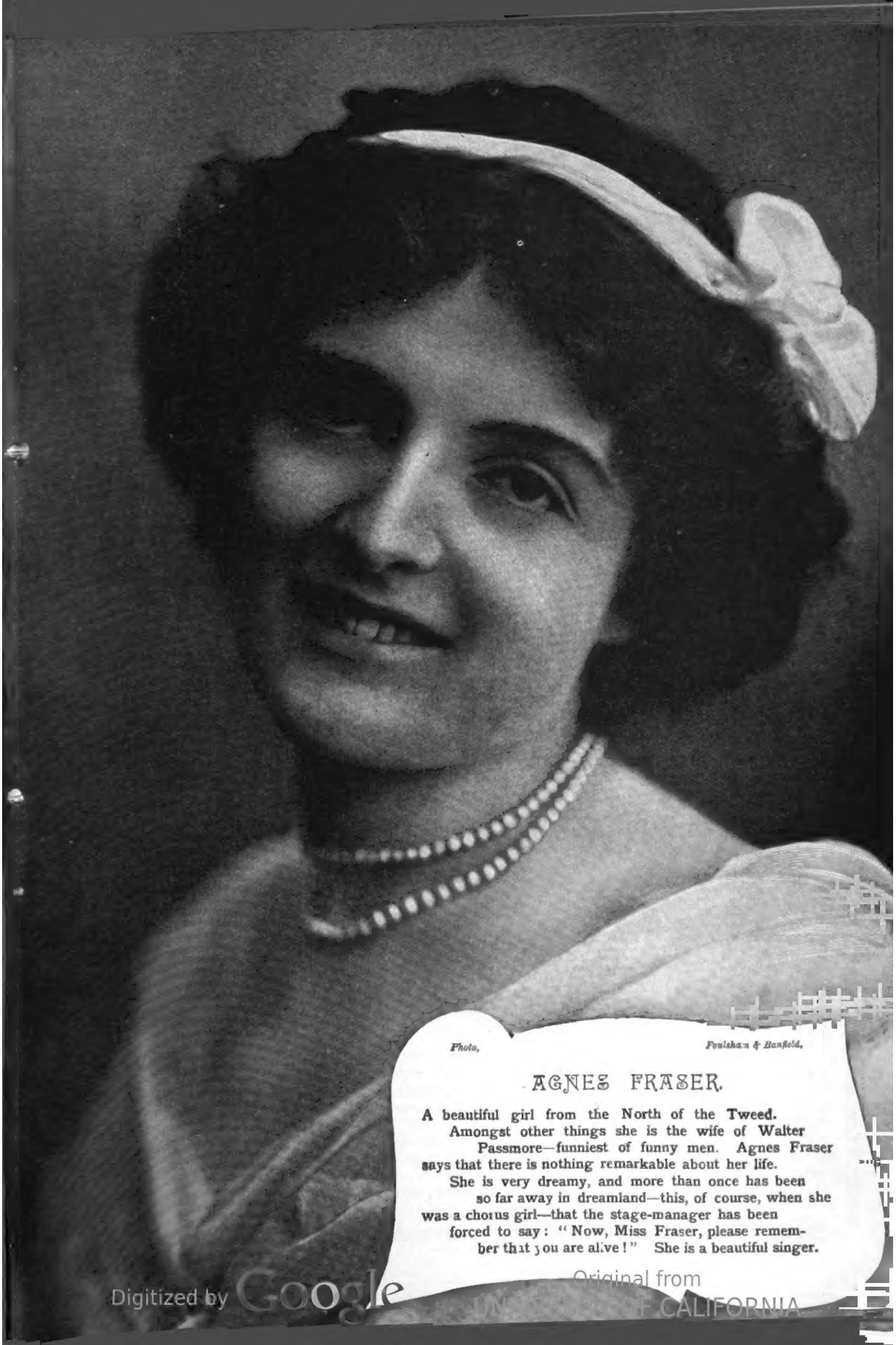

Photo, *Foulsham & Banfield,*

AGNES FRASER.

A beautiful girl from the North of the Tweed. Amongst other things she is the wife of Walter Passmore—funniest of funny men. Agnes Fraser says that there is nothing remarkable about her life. She is very dreamy, and more than once has been so far away in dreamland—this, of course, when she was a chorus girl—that the stage-manager has been forced to say: "Now, Miss Fraser, please remember that you are alive!" She is a beautiful singer.

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Photo, *Hana.*

FARREN SOUTAR and MARIE DAINTON.

(As "Mic and Mac" in "The Chinese Honeymoon.")

Inimitable artistes, both of them. They are absolutely unable to let anyone alone. No sooner is there a striking song or play produced, than Marie Dainton and Farren Soutar are on the spot, and the play or song is reproduced in screaming burlesque in "The Chinese Honeymoon." Marie Dainton is always charming, frank, and engaging. She tells good stories of her experiences in America. She was a great success. "I heard one morning that it had been officially announced in a morning paper that I had just received a handsome fortune. Alas! I never saw that fortune myself." Farren Soutar is a clever dancer, and the son of the favourite of our fathers, the late Nellie Farren.

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Photo, Biograph Studio.

E. S. WILLARD.

E. S. Willard is an actor of tremendous experience, and knows exactly what each country and what each town cares to see. Nothing pleases him more than to potter round his garden with a rake and a trowel. To a visitor who asked him why he did not have a bigger garden, the actor replied: "But, my dear sir, if I had a bigger garden than this one, I should never get any time to go to the theatre. This one keeps me busy enough—well, of all the—look at that snail—got him!"

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From a *Photograph.*

CLÉO DE MÉRODE.

Most famous of Parisian beauties and most beautiful of dancers. Once she was posing to an artist of note in Paris. Naturally he fell to her charms—who could help it? He offered her everything—his life, his art, his love. She refused. Her heart was bestowed elsewhere. There was a cry of anguish; a hammer was hurled through the air at the beautiful girl. It missed her by the fraction of an inch—and smashed the statue that he had just finished. Cléo de Mérode fled. The artist fell insensible at the feet of his broken idol.

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Photo by Fowlsham & Banfield.

PHYLLIS DARE.

When she was a little girl, that is to say, "littler" than she is now, Phyllis Dare astounded her family by the most vivid and blood-curdling recitations. "That child must be an actress," they said, so on the stage she went. At one pantomime, many years ago, Phyllis will tell you, she made such a huge success, that at the end of the evening she was literally pelted, rained on with boxes of chocolates and presents. Lucky little lady!

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A Pair Of Pickles

By Mrs. Nevil Jackson.

Illustrated with Photographs by Corke.

I.—I heard Daddy say to Mother that the grapes were very much in need of thinning. So we thought we would save the gardener trouble and did all the thinning ourselves.

II.—Daddy says I ought to study natural objects so as to know how to draw them. I am going to put a big black beetle into his picture, because I have caught one and looked at it a lot. I'm glad I found the key of his study.

III.—When Daddy does the gramaphone it makes a lovely noise, but we can't make it squeak even. Bernard says the man inside who makes the music has gone to sleep. Bernard is a silly little boy. I 'spect it wants oil.

IV.—We've been putting glass frosting on the Christmas tree things with gum, and now we're putting it on the cakes, because cook's out and we like to help Mother.

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V.—Daddy says these cigars are too green, so we're painting some of them blue and some red. Won't they be pretty? And won't he be pleased to offer them to his friends when they come to dinner!

VI.—Daddy had some small plants put into the garden some time ago. We wanted to see whether they were growing properly, so we just pulled them up and looked at the roots.

VII.—Mother's going to have a garden party this afternoon, and she said she wished the garden seats had been painted; there's plenty of time, the people don't come till four, so we're doing them for a surprise!

VIII.—Daddy said he didn't like this sherry because it was too dry. I 'spect it'll be all right now I've wetted it. We're so curious to hear what he says to-night!

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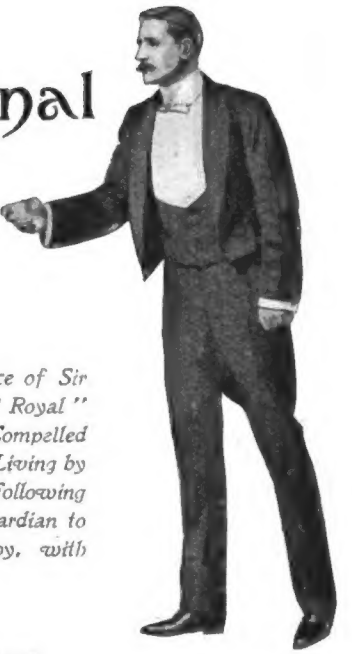
The Professional Guest



By Allen Upward.

The Second Astonishing Experience of Sir Forrester Harvey, who, most "Royal" Readers will Remember, was Compelled through Adversity to Earn his Own Living by Becoming a Paid Guest. In the Following Story he Accepts the Position of Guardian to an Obstinate and Ill-Behaved Boy, with Distinct Success.

LITTLE LORD HEREFORD.

"Are you fond of children?"

This question, put to me by the Secretary of the Social and Domestic Agency, took me by surprise.

"I don't dislike them," I said cautiously. "I don't understand much about them. My attitude towards children is generally one of armed neutrality."

"Well, perhaps that will do. I will tell you what is the matter. I have had a letter from an anxious mother, the Countess of Hereford. As you may know, the late Lord Hereford died just before his son was born. The young Earl is twelve years old and his mother is in trouble about his education. He has had a succession of governesses and tutors, but none of them have been able to teach the boy anything. Lady Hereford seems to think that this is because they were not able to command the boy's respect. She says if some man of family and position, like yourself, could be induced to go down in the character of governor or guardian, as it were, to the boy, things might be better."

"Should I have full authority?" I inquired.

"She does not say that." The Secretary took up Lady Hereford's letter, and read a passage. "'What my son needs is the moral influence of a man of high character, who can sway him by the power of noble example. My boy is too sensitive to endure punishment or harshness.'"

I looked at the Secretary in alarm.

"I am afraid I am not good enough," I said. "Hadn't you better send her a clergyman?"

"She has tried clergymen." was the answer. "Listen! 'He must not be a clergyman. My boy resents anything like direct exhortation to good conduct. The influence must be silent and imperceptible.' Further on she says: 'A man like the late Prince Consort would be an ideal companion for Lord Hereford.'"

It seemed to me impossible that I could fulfil the lofty expectations of Lady Hereford. But my good friend the Secretary over-persuaded me.

"I have already put your name before her ladyship in confidence," she declared. "I have described the honourable way in which you have met your misfortunes, and your brave efforts to provide for your widowed mother. Lady Hereford is satisfied that you are the man for the position, and she offers a salary of £500 a year."

After that, there was no more to be said. I packed my bags, and went down the next day to Mortimer Towers; but with a strong suspicion that my stay would not be very prolonged.

I arrived about tea-time. On my passage through the fine old hall to the drawing-room, where Lady Hereford awaited me, I thought

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I heard a voice calling out: "Has the old beast come?" followed by the sound of flying feet. Of course I could only hope that my ears had deceived me.

Lady Hereford proved to be a youthful-looking woman, with an expression of face which betokened an anxious temperament.

Her first question showed that she had some cause for uneasiness.

"Did the dear boy meet you, Sir Forrester?"

Unless the observation I had overheard in the hall could be considered as a greeting, I did not see my way to answer yes.

The mother's face fell.

"I asked him to, and I hoped he would," she said regretfully. "He does not like tutors, I am sorry to say; but of course I explained to him most carefully that you were not coming here to teach him anything, but merely to be his companion and friend."

"Have you told him that he is to obey me?" I asked.

Her ladyship looked alarmed.

"Obedience is a word I never use to the darling," she answered. "He is so high-spirited that the least attempt to command him to do anything always makes him do the very opposite."

She turned to a little table beside her, and took up a volume bound in morocco, which I perceived to be a treatise by a distinguished scientist on "*The Child.*"

"This," she announced, "has been my bible in bringing up my sweet treasure. Professor Pikelet lays it down that nature is generally the best guide, and that the child should be left very much to its own instincts."

"Is Professor Pikelet the father of a family?" I ventured to ask.

Lady Hereford gave me a reproachful look, as though I had said something irreverent.

"Professor Pikelet has never married," she replied with severity.

"I think"—she hesitated, and went on with a slight air of self-reproach—"I think perhaps it is a pity that the Professor is not a member of the aristocracy. He does not seem to me to lay sufficient stress on the importance of cultivated and refined companions. My darling unfortunately will spend almost his whole time in the stables, and I can't help feeling that the stable boys are *not* the best friends for him."

I was about to express my concurrence in this sentiment when the door was opened with a bang, and the youthful Earl of Hereford marched into the room.

His cap, which he did not remove on entering, was on the pattern of a jockey's, and the same model had evidently suggested the rest of his attire, which included a plush waistcoat with exaggerated buttons and gaiters, and a pair of boots armed with spurs. The boots, I should add, were covered with mud and bits of straw, which came off on the carpet as he walked.

"My darling, why didn't you wipe your boots before you came in?" exclaimed the anxious mother. "And why don't you take off your cap?"

"Why should I?"

The young cub tramped over to his mother's side, and stood staring at me with an air of defiance and dislike, while Lady Hereford took one of his dirty paws and fondled it affectionately.

"Don't you see Sir Forrester Harvey? Sir Forrester, this is my angel."

I glanced at the angel, whose answering scowl was anything but angelic. I turned from him to his mother.

"How old did you say the boy was?"

"Twelve." Lady Hereford looked a little uneasy. "Won't you shake hands with Sir Forrester; there's a dear boy," she murmured plaintively.

"Thank you," I said hastily, "I will shake hands with Lord Hereford with pleasure, when he has washed."

The boy went red, and his mother assumed an expression of terror.

"Oh, please, Sir Forrester! My boy is so sensitive to anything like blame! Loftus, dearest, don't you think you might be polite?"

Loftus, dearest, shook his head angrily.

"Not to him!" he returned with emphasis.

"Oh, but my sweet pet!"

"What did he want to say that about washing for? You said he wasn't to teach me anything! Let him leave me alone." The injured youth snatched his black hand from his mother's caressing touch, and stalked out of the room, leaving the door wide open.

Lady Hereford shivered.

"I am so sorry to trouble you, Sir Forrester, but the dear boy is so thoughtless about closing doors. Thank you!"

I rose, nearly boiling over with indignation, and closed the door.

"I am so sorry that we should have begun with a misunderstanding," the mother said, in a tone which indicated her wish to let me off lightly. "I ought to have explained to you that dear Loftus is not accustomed to

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criticism. It always upsets him. I am sure that if he sees you from day to day, setting an example to him, it will do so much more good than any harsh reproofs."

The conviction that I was not destined to make a lengthy stay at Mortimer Towers returned to me in added force as I swallowed this rebuke.

I replied with grovelling hypocrisy: "Lady Hereford, I am afraid you have, quite unintentionally, set your son against me by urging him to behave properly towards me. Remember that a high-spirited lad must be led, not driven. The less you say to him, the more chance you will give to his own noble instincts in the matter."

I blushed for myself as I spoke, but the fond mother received my words with enthusiasm.

established, I hoped it might be possible for me to remain at Mortimer Towers for a short time, seeing as little as possible of the angel.

At dinner I came down dressed, as a matter of course, and found Lady Hereford also had paid me the compliment of changing. A third place was set at the table, but no one appeared to occupy it, and we two sat for some time in silence and, as far as I was concerned, in hunger as well.

"It is such a pity that my dear boy is not

"My boy is so sensitive to anything like blame!"

"Of course that is it! You are quite right, Sir Forrester. I see my mistake. I ought to have said nothing about you to the pet. I cannot tell how glad I am that you think so well of him already. He *has* noble instincts, as you say, but somehow or other they do not assert themselves so often as I could wish."

A cordial understanding being thus

more punctual," the mother murmured sorrowfully.

"Would it wound his feelings too much if you were to give him a hint, by beginning without him?" I inquired cautiously.

Lady Hereford shook her head.

"The last time I did that he refused to sit down, and took his dinner in the housekeeper's room."

I was inwardly pitying the poor housekeeper when Lord Hereford burst in upon us. He had not altered a single article of

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his costume, nor did his hair seem to have been brushed for weeks. But I noted with satisfaction that his hands were considerably less incrusted than when I had seen them last.

"Won't you say grace, Loftus dearest?" his mother intreated, as he flung himself into the vacant chair.

A hurried indistinct gabble closed with the demand:

"Gim'me some soup."

In order, no doubt, to impress her son with respect for my character and station, Lady Hereford deliberately allowed him to be served before me.

The young cub gobbled up his soup with a noise resembling that of a hippopotamus feeding in the Zoo. He only interrupted himself to give an order to the butler:

"Champagne!"

I looked on astonished while the butler obediently opened a bottle of sweet champagne, and filled his young master's glass. The angel seemed aware of my scrutiny, for he emptied the glass with an air of bravado, and demanded more.

Even Lady Hereford seemed roused at last. She did not venture to remonstrate with her son direct, but addressed him obliquely through me.

"Don't you think, Sir Forrester, that dear Loftus would enjoy his dinner much more if he took less champagne?"

"I don't know," I returned, determined to be even with her ladyship. "I suppose he confines himself to four or five glasses?"

Lady Hereford looked alarmed, while her son gave me a glance of surprise.

"In these matters," I pursued, in my most serious tone, "instinct is the best guide. A healthy boy of twelve would dislike wine, of course, and take water with his meals. Lord Hereford, being delicate, evidently finds champagne necessary. May I ask if he takes much brandy?"

This time it was the young Earl who looked alarmed.

His mother shrank back in her seat.

"Brandy! How can you suggest such a thing! Tomkins!"—this to the butler—"you have never given Lord Hereford brandy, I hope?"

"His lordship has never asked for it, my lady," was the respectful answer.

"Some people find a small glass of liqueur cognac a good thing after a heavy meal," I observed, as I watched Loftus placing half a pound of salmon on his plate. "Of course when I was a boy I only had bread-and-butter at this time of night, and went straight to bed."

Lady Hereford sat silent. She was evidently afraid to appeal to me again, and the angel from time to time threw curious glances at me, as if wondering whether I were a friend or a foe. I noticed, however, that he refrained from indulging in a third glass of wine; and the butler, of his own accord, brought the boy a bottle of lemonade.

As soon as dessert was put on the table Lady Hereford retired, leaving her son to do the honours of the table.

I tried to get him to talk, but found him so densely ignorant on every subject that any conversation was impossible. He could only boast of his exploits in shooting, badger-hunting, and other similar pursuits. The stables figured so constantly in his talk, that I said to him at last:

"It seems a pity for you to bother about being a gentleman, doesn't it? Why not go off and take a situation as stable lad, and let some other boy be brought up as Earl of Hereford?"

To my dismay, the boy suddenly burst into tears.

"You're a beast, and I hate you," he sobbed. "You've come here, and done nothing but make me ashamed of myself. I wish I was dead."

He threw back his chair on to the ground, and rushed out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

I sat on in a state of consternation, not daring to join the Countess in the drawing-room.

About an hour later a servant entered and brought me her ladyship's compliments, and a request to see me before I went to bed.

I went in, trembling, and found the mother in her most aggrieved mood.

"My darling has just gone to bed, Sir Forrester. I dare not have received you in this room, otherwise. I hardly know what to say about this last *terrible* scene. I must ask you to consider seriously, Sir Forrester, whether it is possible for you to make a friend of my boy instead of an enemy?"

"In my opinion, Lady Hereford, I am taking the only possible way to make a friend of your son. But if you are dissatisfied, you have only to say so."

"Perhaps we had both better take the night to think over it," her ladyship replied stiffly. "I have to go up now and soothe my poor darling."

She swept out of the room with a bow which would have been severe if I had broken the angel's collar-bone for fun.

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In the morning I was condemned to breakfast by myself. The man who waited on me, and in whose expression I thought I detected a secret sympathy, explained that her ladyship was not feeling in sufficiently good spirits to rise, and his lordship had also chosen to breakfast in bed.

I hung about the house and grounds till noon. Passing the neighbourhood of the stables I heard a good deal of laughter and shouting, amid which I caught the sound of my own name.

Immediately I strode towards the sound, and came into the midst of a crowd of grooms and lads surrounding young Lord Hereford, who had evidently been taking them into his confidence, and no doubt appealing for sympathy against myself.

A splendid mare with a very vicious look in her eye was just being saddled, and a handsome pony stood near, on which the boy sprang just as I came in sight.

"Coming for a ride, Sir F.?" he called out insolently. A half-suppressed laugh followed from the ring of servants.

I assumed an appearance of hesitation.

"Is there a nice quiet horse in the stable?" I asked, with an affectation of great nervousness.

A chorus of voices eagerly recommended the mare, which I felt perfectly certain had been saddled on purpose, with a view to my discomfiture.

Now it so happens that I can ride.

I borrowed a pair of spurs, picked up a light riding-whip, and vaulted on to the mare's back in a manner which seemed to astonish her as much as the crowd.

Is there a nice quiet horse in the stable?" I asked, with an affectation of great nervousness.

The next moment I was fighting for my seat. Every trick known to horseflesh was tried by that mare to get rid of me. But I held on, to the amazement, and at last to the admiration, of the stable hands, who, forgetting their prejudices, gave me a rousing cheer as I at last brought the mare to reason, and galloped her off across the open park.

I had not had time to notice Lord Hereford while I was busy with the mount he had had prepared for me. But on my slacking down to a trot, he cantered up beside me.

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"I say, you *can* ride!" he graciously observed.

I glanced round. We had reached a lonely corner of the park, where no one could observe what passed. I reined up sharply.

"Now dismount, if you please," I said.

Something in my tone warned the boy that I meant business. He got off his pony, looking a little scared.

"I am going to have an explanation with you," I said, standing in front of him. "Your mother invited me here in the hope that we might be friends and companions. I did not come here to teach you anything; I knew nothing about you, and you knew nothing about me. Yet the moment I entered the house —*your* house, remember — I overheard you calling me names to your servants. You came into the drawing-room, determined to be rude to me, and you *were* rude. This morning you plotted with your chosen companions to put me on a dangerous horse, in the hope that I should be thrown; and you again insulted me, in the presence of servants. It would have served you right if I had given you a thrashing then and there, before them all; but as I still have some faint hope that you may be a young gentleman, I held my hand. Now I am going to put you to the test. You thoroughly deserve a thrashing, as you know—are you going to let me give you one?"

Lord Hereford went red and white by turns as he listened to me. When I had finished, he stood for a minute silent, with his eyes on the ground.

Then I heard a low voice:

"You may thrash me, Sir Forrester."

I gave the young rascal a whipping, not a very severe one, but the first he had ever had in his life, I am inclined to think.

"Now," I said, throwing down the whip, "I am going back to London by the next train."

"You may thrash me, Sir Forrester."

He looked me in the face for the first time.

"Won't you forgive me, Sir Forrester? I — I beg your pardon."

I held out my hand, and as he eagerly took it, I said:

"I like you, my boy, and I believe in you; and I hope we shall be good friends. But for your own sake, I want you to join me in asking your mother to send you to a good public school."

The boy's face fell again as I said this, but he made no direct answer. As we rode back to the house, chatting together like old friends, I described my own school-life to him, and tried to fire him with an enthusiasm for football and cricket, and that communal life and intercourse with other boys which constitutes the charm of a great public school

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But as we drew near to the house, he rode up close to me, and asked in a tone of real affection:

"Won't you stay on a little bit, Sir Forrester? I promise I won't be rude to you again. And I won't say anything to mother."

My heart smote me. I realised that in giving this boy a lesson in honourable conduct, I had inevitably opened his eyes to the folly of Lady Hereford's indulgence. He knew, as well as I did, that his mother would not forgive the chastisement of her idol.

I shook my head.

"I am going to speak to your mother myself. Whether I stay on or not must be decided between her and me. I want you to remember always that she has the first claim on your obedience, and the less she exerts her authority, the more bound you are to respect it."

At the entrance to the stable I handed over my horse to a man, and went straight to seek my hostess.

"Lady Hereford," I said, "I am glad to be able to tell you that your son and I are now good friends."

Her ladyship stared, as she well might. Then she replied with severe dignity:

"I am glad you have made your peace with my forgiving darling. He has a generous disposition, I know, and I can only hope this will be the last unpleasantness we shall have."

"I expect it will be," I answered, putting a strong constraint on myself. "But you are under a slight mistake. I have not asked your darling for his forgiveness. He has asked me for mine, and I have granted it."

"*He* has asked *you!*" Lady Hereford fairly gasped. "For what?"

"For the gross rudeness of which he has been guilty ever since my arrival, and in which you have encouraged him."

Lady Hereford flushed, and hung her head.

"This morning he was rude to me before your servants. I have, therefore, given him a thrashing, with his own consent. He now wants me to stay on, but I presume I shall consult your wishes if I leave by the next train."

Perhaps I had better not attempt to record the fond mother's reply. It was made clear to me that Lady Hereford looked upon me as little better than a murderer, and that I might consider myself lucky if I escaped a prosecution for the assault.

While I was upstairs packing, Lord Hereford evidently had an interview with his mother. I did not see her ladyship again, but my victim insisted on accompanying me to the railway station, and I had great difficulty in convincing him that I could not correspond with him without Lady Hereford's permission.

A week or two later I received a very badly-written, blotted scrawl, informing me that little Lord Hereford was now at school, and that he found it "jolly." The letter concluded:

"Mother says she will be very pleased if you will come to stay in the holidays, so I do hope you will come."

But I still doubt if Lady Hereford has really forgiven me. Perhaps that is too much to expect.

Indian Nights Entertainments.

MANY readers of the "Royal Magazine" will doubtless remember the series of stories under the title of "Indian Nights Entertainments" that appeared in the pages of "Pearson's Magazine" during 1902. The stories were very well received, and the interest in them was increased by the fact that they were written by a young high-caste Hindu writer, Sarath Kumar Ghosh — the only Indian writer of fiction whose work has been brought before the British public. A second series of "Indian Nights Entertainments" will be published in "Pearson's Magazine," commencing in the July number.

Sarath Kumar Ghosh in Hindu Costume.

The new series will consist of stories complete in themselves, but linked by a thread woven of romance and mystery—the two keynotes of life in India. The love element is perhaps the main feature, but the mysticism of the mysterious East is ever in the foreground.

We can promise all who read the second series of "Indian Nights Entertainments," which will commence in the July "Pearson's," a full and interesting insight into the romance and mystery of the most romantic and mysterious land in the world.

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NATURE · TO · THE · RESCUE

View of the famous "Weisser-Hirsh" Sanatorium, near Dresden

The Latest Treatment of Disease is a Universal Sun and Open Air Cure.

By Mary Fermor.

Forty-seven years ago Dr. Arnold Rikli began to preach a new medical gospel—setting forth that the air and sun were the best remedies for disease. As a boy he was extremely delicate and constantly ailing, and being naturally of a contemplative disposition he used to reason that if light and air were essential to plant life, they must surely be the greatest healers of the human body; and he adopted for his motto the words of the German proverb:—"Water is well, better still is air, but the best is light."

Putting his theories into practice, he tried the effects of baking himself in the hot sun and afterwards plunging into the river for a long swim.

For ten or fifteen years he experimented upon himself and those around him, acquiring, meanwhile, the most robust health; then he established his wonderful "cure," to which patients of all nationalities flock, anxious to test the famous Rikli system, and returning, year by year, to gain new strength and vigour.

To-day he has three establishments in Austria; one at Wolfsberg (Carinthia) open during the spring and autumn; a winter resort at Gries, near Bozen, and the well-known sanatorium at Veldes, Ober Krain, which is open from May 20th to September 30th.

His efforts have been attended with ever-growing success, and he has been heard to declare that a hundred years hence the sun, light, and air cure will be the generally recognised treatment of disease. Amid lovely mountain and lake scenery the work at Veldes has found more and more adherents, till now there is quite a Rikli colony, with a handsome new sanatorium, containing four large, perfectly

In these strange little huts, patients undergoing the sun and open air cure have to live; one side is open to the winds of heaven, there being no door but merely a hanging curtain.

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Nature cure brings exercise and consequent development of the body to its aid, and approves thoroughly of gymnastics, tennis, and all games, as well as fencing.

ventilated bath-rooms, two for ladies and two for gentlemen, medical and domestic offices and a large, walled, unroofed space open to the sky called the Sun-bath Gallery. It is securely protected from curious eyes by a nine foot wall and divided into separate compartments, so that each patient can lie and bask in perfect privacy. The water-baths are supplied from natural springs, and the water from the lake, which is pumped into large reservoirs, where it is warmed by the sun before being conveyed by an electric apparatus to the baths.

About seven minutes' walk from the main building is the "Marien-hain," or ladies' air-bath park.

Those who expect to find hotel accommodation at Veldes meet with their first shock on arrival. The patients are billeted about the lovely mountain country in little three-sided air-huts, open to the lake. A brown holland curtain, drawn across the open side, forms the only door, and the winds of heaven wander through your hut at their own sweet will.

Here you lounge, read and dream the happy hours away; but you must rise with the birds, for that is one of the most stringent rules of the establishment.

"Lie-a-beds" are not tolerated at Veldes. Everyone is up at 5 a.m. and improving his or her complexion with the morning dew. At about 5.30 all the patients start off for the first air-bath. The ladies' bath is on a hill about a mile and a half away from the lake, and is inclosed by high palings and trees, while that of the men is on a hill in an opposite direction.

Assuming you to be a woman, on arriving at your particular hill you exchange your walking dress for a white muslin garment, and then walk up and down on the grass, feeling as

A return as far as may be to Nature's ways is an important feature of the Nature cure, and for hours a day patients must bathe their whole body in a sea of fresh air and sunlight; they are encouraged also to dispense with shoes and stockings. These two photos were lent by Dr. Whitley, of "Wynnstay," the Sussex Hydro, and represent his own patients there.

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though you were treading on air, sit, stand or run, according to taste; and those who like shade may seek it under the chestnuts. The deliciously buoyant feeling, induced by the absence of heavy clothing, is an eloquent testimony to the salutary effect of the health-cure.

The bath lasts from half-an-hour to three or four hours, but it must be over by ten o'clock. Then comes breakfast, borne on the heads of women in Arcadian fashion, consisting of bread, milk and honey, which is eaten in this Adamless Eden, out in the open air.

Physical development and sun-bath combined.

Ordinary dress is resumed after the air-bath, and a rest must be taken before the sun-bath, which is enjoyed in the Sun Gallery and lasts for about forty minutes, being followed by a quarter of an hour's pack in blankets. Friction and douches remove the uncomfortable effects of perspiration, and a general sense of well-being ensues. A short walk is ordered before lunch. More air and sun-baths are taken in the afternoon between 2.30 and 5 o'clock, but they are, in many cases, only partial, for the benefit of some specially affected limb. When the sun fails to give the requisite heat steam or hot water baths are substituted for the sun-bath in order to restore to the body the heat that has been abstracted by the exposure of the morning air-bath.

The treatment may be called atmospheric, and it is well to note that, while employing water as a curative agent in the form of sprays, douches, baths, etc., the men who pin their faith on the healing power of air and sunlight repudiate the exclusive teaching of the water fanatics on the ground that man is a land animal and not an amphibious creature.

The diet is mainly vegetarian and of the simplest nature. Dr. Rikli is of opinion that too much food hinders the beneficial effect of his treatment and enjoins his patients to moderation in all things gastronomic. Meat and wine are only given in special cases and under medical advice. After dinner amusements are freely indulged in, and there is a good band at the Kurhaus.

"There is no life without air," Dr. Rikli tells us in his book, and his system is entirely based upon this theory. He does not pose as a philanthropist in any sense of the word, and his establishment is conducted upon sound business principles. The fees are £12 to £15 a month, but many a jaded invalid who has learnt from experience, will declare, enthusiastically, that the "cure" is worth untold gold.

While undergoing the process of the Rikli system patients are not unprovided with amusement. Cycling, tennis, music, boating and gymnastics, are all available, while the beautiful scenery in the heart of the Julian Alps tempts those of an artistic nature to transfer its charms to paper and canvas.

Dr. Rikli is, of course, the pioneer of the sun and air-bath system, but he has many followers, among them being Dr. Lahmann who, at Weisser Hirsch, near Dresden, combines some of the latest scientific appliances for the treatment of disease with natural means.

A sun-bath gallery at Wynnstay, in Sussex.

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A group of little girls undergoing the sun and open air cure.

He has made a special study of hygienic dress for both sexes. He objects to woollen clothing and has devised some deliciously comfortable cotton-wool underwear, which is specially manufactured under his direction so that it is entirely free from the injurious chemicals found in the majority of cotton fabrics, which poison the system through the pores of the skin. He expects all his patients to wear this clothing while under treatment, the ladies must have all their garments suspended from the shoulders, with nothing hanging or tightly bound round the waist. Ordinary corsets and garters are absolutely forbidden.

For the comfort of possible lady patients I may add that Dr. Lahmann does not believe in people making themselves eye-sores to their fellows, and has devised a corset which gives support without injury. Hats and bonnets, gloves and stockings also disappear from a patient's costume during the cure the object being to allow as much contact with the outer air as possible. Dr. Lahmann points out forcibly how our conventional habits and dress have accustomed us to neglect the care of the skin. It is not enough to cleanse it with water, it must be braced and stimulated by the unimpeded action of pure air and sunlight.

At Weisser Hirsch the patients learn to brave all weathers with a minimum of clothing, and gain thereby a maximum of strength and vigour. The men take long walks in the woods through wind, rain or snow, clad only in bathing-dress and boots or sandals. The women soon leave the indoor air-bath for the unroofed inclosures where they can walk, run, chop or saw wood, play ninepins, or do exercises dressed only in a muslin chemise; and the verdict of those who have tried it is that the body becomes more easily warmed than when fully clothed, owing to the stimulating effect of the air upon the skin, which aids the circulation of the blood.

The sun-baths are taken without any clothing whatever. Patients walk to their mattresses clad in their large bath towels, lie down on the mattress and then uncover themselves. Every five minutes they turn over a little to bake in a fresh place. This is continued about half-an-hour. The sun-baths are never allowed if there is a cold wind or if the sun has insufficient power.

The carefully arranged diet, the massage, the exercises, the application of hot and cold water in the various baths, douches and compresses, the resting and the clothing are quite as important factors in the cure as the air and sun baths.

That many-sided nervous malady—generally known as "weak nerves"—which meets us at every turn, is especially benefited by this Nature Cure, which acts as a powerful mental tonic, and which will re-act favourably on the physical side.

"We do not want health that can only thrive at the fireside, we want health that can be equally preserved at the Equator as at the

Many of the devotees of the new cure think that children, at any rate whilst still growing, should be allowed as much freedom of movement as possible; and consequently they are made to take prolonged sun and air-baths clothed in the very lightest possible garments.

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North Pole," writes Dr. Lahmann. He also advises strongly that children should go through their gymnastic exercises in the primitive costume of the Greeks of old, and carries the theory into daily practice with his own children.

Near the little village of Moers, on the Rhein, Pastor Felke has begun a work which seems likely to grow into a large concern. After studying for the ministry, at his father's desire, he qualified as a doctor, and soon after he had been appointed to the cure of souls he added to his labours the healing of the body. His poor peasant parishioners received treatment gratis at his hands, and to this day he takes no fees of any kind. So great was the success attending his efforts that hundreds began to flock to his home at Repelen, and finally a syndicate started an establishment for paying patients in 1899, called the Repelner Jungborn, where his methods are strictly carried out.

A mountain-side resting-place for patients, who can here rest for a while, and still enjoy the perfect air and sunshine.

The mode of life is simple, not to say Spartan, the diet is vegetarian, and the open air treatment is accompanied by earth or mud poultices, frequent use of the "sitzbath," taken at different temperature according to orders, and homœopathic medicines.

The principal feature of the Jungborn is the division of the ground into two large circular parks devoted to the use of male and female patients respectively. These parks are inclosed by high fences, and inside them are the air-cottages in which the health-seekers live. Every cottage is divided into two parts, so as to accommodate two tenants, and each part has its own name. The furniture consists of a special "reform-bed" made on hygienic lines, a dressing-table, two chairs, a small folding table, and a contrivance for hanging dresses. In fine weather the patients are urged to sleep out on the grass with only a light covering over them.

A strict *régime* has to be observed. The day begins with an early cold sitzbath, lasting ten minutes or so, followed by walking or running exercise taken in primitive costume regardless of wind, rain or even snow. A lady presides over the gymnastic exercises of the female patients who go through their evolutions in a bathing dress, and are enjoined to pass as much of their time freed from the trammels of conventional clothing as possible. The diet consists mainly of fruits, brown bread, farinaceous foods, milk and vegetables of all kinds, cooked and uncooked; soups, not made from meat, eggs, cheese, special kinds of coffee and cocoa, and now and then a glass of Bavarian beer or red wine. One item of diet is surprising to those troubled with indigestion, namely *nuts!* It is mentioned in the prospectus that "toothless patients must have their nuts ground," but they must be eaten. Lemon juice replaces vinegar in the salads, and all irritating condiments are forbidden. Meat is only given in special cases,

An air bath among the trees.

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Real Life Romances.

Send to the Editor any True and Uncommon Incident that you may Know.

The Last Poach of Murphy O'Flynn.

THIRTY years ago there was no more daring and wily salmon poacher in the whole of Ireland than Murphy O'Flynn. For ten years he had ravaged the salmon streams and only once in all that time had he been caught. Then, for six months, the keepers of the salmon-fisheries near Bally— had little to do.

But the time soon passed and one day Murphy returned a free man. While in prison he had conceived a new scheme for catching the salmon, and he now determined to put it into practice.

Instead of traps, Murphy now took with him a bottle containing a dynamite cartridge to which was attached a fuse.

Peering closely into the water he would watch where the fish lay thickest. Then, lighting the fuse, he would gently place the bottle in the water. Of course, the salmon were killed by the explosion that followed, and the retriever which he always took with him on these expeditions would then swim out and bring them to the bank.

For many years Murphy poached for salmon in this fashion. But one day a keeper shot his dog. The misfortune for a time put a check to Murphy's poaching excursions; so he set to work training another dog to "fetch and carry" from the water.

Early one morning he sallied out, with his new retriever at his heels.

By the time he had arrived at the salmon preserves it was sufficiently light for him to see the great fish slowly swimming against the stream.

Quickly lighting the fuse he gently dropped the bottle into the water a few yards from the fish.

Then, as was his custom, he hurried off to take refuge behind a tree. He had scarcely started to do this, when he heard a splash. Turning round, he was just in time to see his new retriever snap the bottle in his mouth and make for the side.

In vain Murphy shouted to the animal to leave hold of the bottle. Wagging his tail the dog scrambled up the bank and ran towards him, still carrying the smoking bottle in its mouth.

At the sight, the old poacher turned and fled. Across fields and heather he tore. Behind him came the dog. It was gaining on him. Still, the terrified man rushed on. Suddenly, a terrific crash rent the air. The bottle had exploded.

A loud cry echoed through the mist. The poacher threw up his arms and fell prostrate on his face.

Some hours later, two keepers found O'Flynn lying where he had fallen, bleeding and insensible. He was taken to the hospital and nursed back to life. Afterwards he gave up altogether his old ways and no longer poached for salmon. Instead, he spent his days making fishing nets and baskets for a living.

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Saved by a Silk Skirt.

IT was August. A little East coast watering-place was crowded with visitors. Out of all these holiday-makers only three figures in this story, Bernard — and Harold —, his cousin, and (well, she was not a visitor: her home was there) Miss Jones.

They had met her at the Tennis Club. She was pretty, she was young, and she could make the most cunning strokes and volley hard returns into the most-out-of-the-way corners of the court.

One day all three agreed to hire a small yacht and spend the afternoon cruising off the coast.

Returning to her home Miss Jones spent some time trying to solve a most perplexing question. What should she wear? There was her tailor-made check, and the blue sailor costume. But wait, there was her new muslin dress with its pink silk skirt, and fresh from the milliner's too!

Two o'clock struck. The boat was waiting at the pier, manned by Harold, and captained by Bernard. Soon Miss Jones, attired in spotless muslin, with just the faintest suspicion of its pink silk lining peeping through, radiant and happy, sat by the tiller.

A slight breeze was blowing, when they set sail. Once away from the pier, it freshened. But what cared they? What did it matter if dark, ominous-looking clouds were creeping up from the horizon?

A few hundred yards behind the sea had become a deeper blue. Tiny ripples appeared on the waves. Then a sharp puff of wind struck the boat. She heeled dangerously on one side, her sails filling out with a snap.

A squall had overtaken them.

Instantly Bernard brought the tiller round, intending to run the boat ashore.

Too late! Another and more violent puff of wind followed and—the boat capsized.

On the cliff two men stood. Filled with horror at what they saw, one fled to bring help from the lifeboat station, whilst his companion hastily scrambled down to the beach.

At first he saw three figures struggling in the water. Suddenly, one disappeared—then another. Only one remained. For a moment he could not tell whether the figure was that of a man or a woman. He wondered why it floated so lightly upon the waves.

As it drew near he saw that it was a woman.

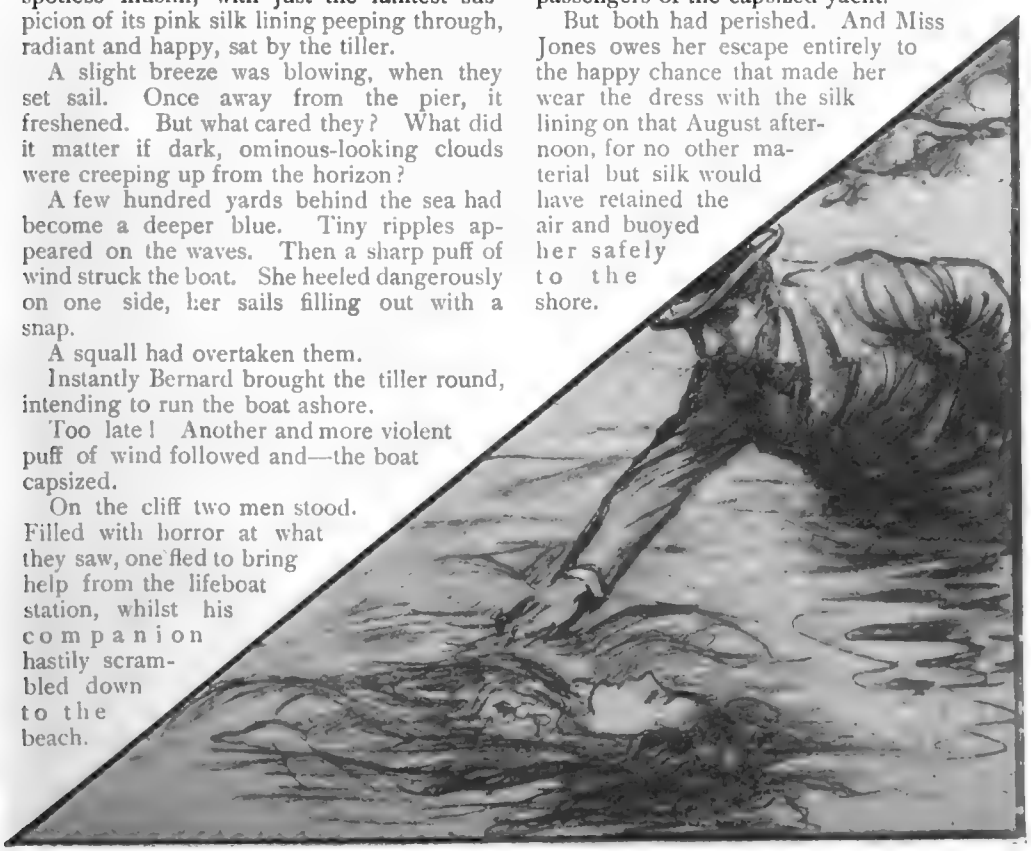
The mystery was explained. Her skirt kept her afloat. When she had been thrown out of the boat it had become filled with air. Soaked through, the silk lining had become air-tight, and it now floated on the water, surrounding her, as it were, with a pneumatic lifebuoy.

By now she was nearing the beach. A minute later, the anxious man dashed into the water and carried her high up the beach.

Then he saw her face. He staggered and almost let the drenched figure fall, for he recognised—his own daughter.

Meanwhile, the lifeboat had arrived and the crew were searching for the other two passengers of the capsized yacht.

But both had perished. And Miss Jones owes her escape entirely to the happy chance that made her wear the dress with the silk lining on that August afternoon, for no other material but silk would have retained the air and buoyed her safely to the shore.



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Beneath the Bed.

SHE had just jumped into bed. The "she" was a pretty Dutch girl, and the bed that she jumped into was in a bungalow in Java.

The night was warm, and the high windows with the thin gauze mosquito nets drawn low let in the soft scented breeze. It was very still outside, the birds were roosting peacefully in the trees, the mosquitoes droned monotonously as they flitted about in the warm night air.

And it was very quiet in the bedroom too. Only the soft breathing of the sleeping girl added to the music of the insects.

All at once a low deep-drawn uncanny wail broke the stillness.

The sleeping girl awoke. What was that she heard? Another long and mournful cry rang out. Trembling with horror she sat up in bed and peered around the room. In the darkness she could see nothing.

Following on the last wail, a peculiar scratching noise issued from beneath the bed, as if some wild animal were sharpening its claws on the carpet.

Too frightened to cry out the little Dutch girl remained perfectly still, with her dark eyes wide open, aghast with terror. The thought came to her that it might be a puma. It was horrible, but what else could it be? She knew that the wood near by was the haunt of many wild animals, and one might quite easily have crept in through the thinly-guarded window.

Presently all became still.

Now the little girl imagined that the *thing* was prowling around the room.

But why was it so quiet?

Hark! there it was, scratching again! Then the *thing* burst forth with another and more terrifying moan.

A sudden dread swept over the girl, and uttering an hysterical cry, she leaped out of bed and rushed blindly from the room.

Her loud screams aroused those within the bungalow.

Soon everyone was listening to her sobbed-out tale of the horrible animal that was hiding in her bedroom.

Ordering a servant to bring lights, her father and everyone else armed themselves. Some took pokers, others carving-knives and guns, whilst a manservant had secured a long broom.

Cautiously entering the room, they peered around. Nothing was to be seen. But beneath the bed something was moving.

Suddenly the man with the long broom drew back, then, rushing forward, struck furiously with it under the bed.

A loud flapping followed; and out rushed —a large cockerel.

The bird was suffering from roup, which was the cause of its making the weird noise.

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A Toss of the Coin.

ALONG the lonely path through the terrible Australian bush jogged a buggy drawn by a pair of bush horses. Seated in it were two Englishmen. They were hoping to reach Southern Cross soon after nightfall.

But now the buggy had drawn up. The men sprang out. Before them the path branched out into two tracks. Down these both gazed long and carefully. Then they looked at each other, baffled and perplexed.

At length one declared that the way lay to the left. His friend looked, then shook his head.

"Our path is to the right," he said.

Only a few pints of water remained, and, at the utmost, the animals could only travel forty miles further.

As neither man would give way, it was agreed to settle which of the tracks they should take by spinning a shilling. "Heads" was to signify that they should go by the road on the right, and "tails" by the road on the left.

Up spun the coin.

The fate of both men and beasts rested on its fall. To take the wrong path might mean five hundred miles along the everlasting track to the nearest camp—a certain and horrible death by thirst and starvation.

The coin fell. "Heads" was uppermost. And the buggy rolled down the roadway on the right.

Perhaps it was chance, perhaps it was something else; but whatever it was the path on the right did lead to the railway.

Night had fallen when the sound of their horses' hoofs striking metal told the wearied travellers that they had reached the line.

Having unharnessed the horses, the two men threw themselves down beside the embankment to await the arrival of a train.

Two hours went by before far away along the metalled bank a small gold spark appeared. Nearer and nearer it approached, growing larger every few minutes.

Now it was only a mile away. Another four minutes and it would pass.

Overjoyed at the sight both men clambered up the bank on to the metals, and, taking matches from their pocket, began to strike, and to hold them up.

The sharp grating of the brakes told them that their signals had been seen. The train came to a standstill. A few words explained their plight, and water and provisions were at once supplied to them.

On the next day they drove into Southern Cross. There they learnt that had the shilling fallen "tails," they would have, undoubtedly, lost their lives. For, the path on the *left* stretched for five hundred miles in an unbroken and waterless track until it reached the sea.

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Over the Precipice.

THIS happened near Montreux, which is on the shores of Lake Geneva. From there a pretty Scotch girl had one day started for a long walk amongst the mountains. Presently the way led by a precipice.

As she walked along the narrow path a deep growl startled her. She looked round. Coming towards her, with head bent low and bloodshot eyes, was a huge mastiff.

Already the dog was within a few yards of her. Frightened at the fierce growls, she fled down the narrow path, hoping to find some place in which to hide. Suddenly, with a savage bark, the maddened animal sprang at her.

For a moment her arms waved wildly, then—both dog and girl swept over the side of the precipice.

* * *

When the girl regained consciousness she found herself, not at the bottom of the valley towards which she had a dim recollection of seeing the mastiff's body whirling, but caught in a small clump of bushes that jutted from the side of the precipice.

A hundred feet above she could see the path from which she had fallen.

She feared to move lest the bushes should become uprooted, and send her to join the fawn-coloured object that she could see lying so still below.

Slowly the sun hid itself behind the mountains, and the air became cooler.

The girl looked at her watch ; it was half-past seven. In another hour it would be dark. She looked up at the path. Someone was moving above.

Again she looked ; yes, it was a Swiss peasant tramping towards the village.

"Help! help!" the girl cried.

The peasant heard. Lying full length, he peered over the side of the precipice, and saw the helpless, pale-faced figure lying tangled in the middle of the bush.

He tried to climb down, but had he been a chamois he would have failed, for there was not the slightest foothold in the almost perpendicular face of the rock.

Then he shouted to her, and, pointing to the village far down in the valley, started running in the direction.

Two hours went by, during which time night fell. At last the helpless girl saw lights moving along the mountain side. The sound of men's voices was carried down to her.

Now one of them was being lowered with a rope over the precipice. Another moment passed, and he was swinging beside her.

There was some difficulty in disentangling her from the bush. She herself was too done up to offer much assistance.

Fastening a rope around her waist he lifted her in his arms, then shouted to his companions, who quickly drew them to the top.

She was saved.

Very tenderly they bore the bruised girl to the hotel at Montreux, where some friends of hers were staying.

Strange as it may seem, not a bone in her body was broken, although she was very much bruised and scratched from her fall into the bush. It was many days before she recovered from the shock of experiencing what was certainly the very narrowest escape from death that it is possible to conceive.

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The wake of a torpedo-destroyer when going at full speed. Two huge waves, considerably higher than the deck, are flung up behind.

THE WORLD THROUGH OTHER EYES.

V.—FROM A TORPEDO-DESTROYER.

A Further Article in this Unique Series. All that Happens on a Torpedo-Destroyer and all the Duties, Sensations and Experiences of Those who Direct it are Vividly Set forth.

By Walter Wood.

It is a bleak, wild March morning, and a shrewd north-easter is whitening the Thames at Gravesend. I have just left that north-easter blowing on the Yorkshire coast, and I know that if it holds on the Maplins and the pitiless Goodwins I shall see the point of view which even a lieutenant-commander does not contemplate with equanimity; for it is beyond both these shoals that H.M.S. *Kennet* is to be put through her paces, and a destroyer in bad weather is admittedly a very undesirable habitation.

"Here she comes!" exclaims one who knows her, and from the window overlooking the river we see the stripped hull of one of the latest, most powerful, and largest of the torpedo-boat destroyers which have been built for the British Navy.

She is fresh from the famous works of Messrs. John I. Thornycroft & Co., Ltd., at Chiswick, and has just come down from the East India Dock, where new propellers have been fitted. A great P. & O. boat, India bound, has been warped into the stream. Beside her the destroyer is a squat pigmy; yet within her delicate little frame she has more horse-power than the liner contains in her huge engine-room.

The destroyer is brought up all standing and trembling, and waits darkly for just so long as you can step into a wherry and be rowed to her low, black side and swarm up it.

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She is gliding seaward before you quite know what has happened, and although she is merely walking, so to speak, she outstrips everything that is going her way. You feel the joy and pride of the young commander into whose keeping a destroyer is given, because you know that under your feet is a ship which is the swiftest, most destructive, and most merciless of all the ships of war that float.

Very soon you get into the open sea, rushing past wobbling lightships and slow-going craft which you overhaul so quickly that they appear to lie inert on the water. The destroyer seems to scent the battle with the weather from afar. She pants eagerly on.

From time to time a wave slaps heavily against the bow, and you feel the shiver of it throughout the ship's frail length. A destroyer is flexible in her construction, and is built to "give" to the seas. After all, she is simply a thin skin of steel on a light framework, and sometimes you can see her ribs showing through their covering, like those of a lean, sinewy, and enduring runner.

By this time you are in oilskins—which you need badly—and when you proceed along the deck at all you do so crabwise, and grip with tenacious affection anything that will save you from a fall. You have tumbled instinctively into the way of destroyers, which is one demanding that you should put all dignity and stiffness aside, and obey all her whims and fancies, which are many. Her purpose is to harry and oppress, and being a ruthless mistress, she harries most those who serve her best.

Pitchings, rollings, wallowings, twistings, dippings—all the sea gyrations that ever were—are loved and practised by the destroyer. In these marine gymnastics she stands an easy first, for which reason, in bad weather, the commander has his spells of sickness, and the toughest seaman keeps him sympathetic company.

And with all this physical suffering there is the acme of discomfort. Seas break on board, rising high over the bows, thudding on the turtle-back, smashing against the break-water, streaming in solid masses down the deck, and going overboard again in a yeasty smother. Water is everywhere—on deck and below, in the men's quarters, in the officers' quarters, in the bunks, under the oilskins. It cannot be kept out.

The Nore lightship is left heaving in melancholy fashion, and the destroyer is rising to the seas. They are grey, tumbling seas, and appear to have a grudge against her; but she noses them aside contemptuously, leaps sportingly over them, or rolls coyly away when they come towards her.

The outlook is unpromising, the destroyer is wallowing; it may be that the time is coming for the realisation of the prophecy that before the *Kennet* is an hour out you will be glad to go below and stay there for the rest of the trip. But the wind veers, the sun struggles out a bit, and by the time you are abreast of Dover cliffs you have settled into a grim enjoyment of a destroyer's discomforts, and are approximately standing in the shoes of the lieutenant-commander.

The work of the commander is not fancy work, nor is his ship a fancy ship. There is no poetry of sail about her, no evidence of luxury; but if you care for the poetry of motion, and plenty of it, you will find it there.

Think of what he controls—a long, black, low hull, rising for the most part only a few feet above the water, the exception being the bows, which serve the double purpose of protecting the ship in heavy weather and affording accommodation for the crew. Very excellent accommodation it is, for there are two forecastles in which about sixty men live and sleep, not all at one time, of course, since there is always the watch on deck, so that those below have plenty of room in which to move and sleep and eat, and do the numberless odd jobs that occupy the waking and off duty hours of the wonderful "handy-man."

For the rest, the deck runs flush from the forecastle, the levelness being broken up, however, by the low, huge ventilators, the two torpedo-tubes, one behind the other, amidships, where they command a wide range of action, and the after gun platform. In these tubes a couple of torpedoes are stowed, and another pair of these beautiful and deadly weapons are in reserve in a water-tank below.

The commander has, therefore, four torpedoes at his service; that is to say, he has the means of destroying utterly, with luck—which, in practice at any rate, is never likely to come his way—four first-class battleships which have cost, in round figures, more than a million pounds sterling, and in all a sum of five millions! And the value of his own craft is £70,000!

The commander's ship is a shell, it is true, but a shell every part of which is a marvel of ingenuity and skill; and the most marvellous of all parts is the engine-room, for here are

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the engines which develop the 7000 horse-power which is needed to make the destroyer rush through the water at thirty miles an hour, and fills her with that madness of life which seems to represent the very lust of destruction.

Let us climb down one of these round holes with which the deck is pitted. The hole is just big enough to permit of the entrance of an average man—for a corpulent individual there would be a tight fit, if not a suffocating squeeze. But fat men have no place in destroyers, and if they went on board they would quickly thin to workable dimensions under the strain and stress of the life.

You put your feet on a slippery short iron ladder, and after descending a few steps you are on the floor of the engine-room and face to face with engines of all descriptions — the main engines, which are the heart of the ship, and the auxiliary engines for the condensers, feed-pumps, electric light and the search-light, or projector, as it is technically called.

But your eyes are fixed on the beautiful masses of oil-smothered metal which are driving the ship along at a dozen, eighteen, or twenty knots, or her full speed of twenty-five and a half. There

The view from the search-light platform looking forward.

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is no bulkhead between the engines—both port and starboard are within complete view, so that one glance enables you to comprehend the ship's full power. To anyone accustomed to the engines of big steamers these destroyer engines look absurdly small; but although they occupy less than half the space which is taken up by the machinery of many a fine steamer of great tonnage but slow speed, still they will develop twice the amount of her horse-power.

Now you can understand what the lieutenant-commander's point of view is—how it is that only young and nerve-hardened men are selected for the work of going down to the sea in these frail ships, how it happens that in the ten years or so in which they have been in existence the destroyer-flotillas should have established a record of disaster and achievement which has no parallel in any other branch of the Royal Navy.

You understand, when you have got into the "feel" of the flexible hull, why the *Cobra* broke her back in the North Sea, and went down with nearly all her crew; why the *Viper* should have been crumpled up like paper on the rocks of Alderney; why the *Pioneer* should have been cut in two by the *Orwell*, with the loss of a dozen lives—and you understand the twenty and one disasters of varying degree which have befallen our destroyers since their advent.

You can share the commander's joy and pride—and you can appreciate the incessant strain upon him of manœuvre work, of cruising work, of harbour work, of bad weather work and all the work that comes his way the moment he takes his ship from dock or anchorage until he is at rest again.

Leave the whirring machinery and the incessantly vigilant engineers and climb through the circular hole back to the deck. Clutch your head-dress, unless it is lashed on, for the roaring wind will whisk it from you as an adept thief will snatch your watch. The wind embraces you and balloons you out absurdly, but it helps you up, and you crawl or drag yourself to another man-hole, and descend to the stokehold—this time down two little ladders instead of one.

In the stokehold an astonishing revelation awaits you, especially if you have had experience of other similar dens. I have been in the stokeholds of a good many steamers, from a Cunarder—in which I gasped and shovelled for nearly two hours before resigning my post—to a North Sea trawler, and have marvelled that men could endure it and live. I expected the *Kennet's* stokehold to be a perfect oven; and, lo! it was quite cool and comfortable, and marvellous in its devices for saving labour and safeguarding life and limb.

Even at top speed, the place is perfectly tolerable, owing to the extraordinary advances which have been made in marine engineering and to the perfection which has been attained in the Thornycroft water-tube boilers. You are, indeed, almost bewildered by the devices for getting the best work out of coal and steam with a minimum of danger and discomfort.

Come right aft, behind the armoured shield which protects the hand-steering gear, for use when the steam-gear is disabled. The little steam steering-wheel is in motion corresponding to the turns of the wheel on the bridge—so, too, is the wheel in the conning-tower; but for the present the hand-wheel, which is larger, is disconnected and is securely lashed. You may safely grip the spokes of the hand-wheel—you have to grip something if you wish to save your limbs and perhaps life — and watch and feel your destroyer's performance at her best.

She is doing her top speed, and you may know it by the mad rush of the water past you, the metallic rattle which almost deafens you, the crazy trembling of the deck beneath you, and the furious belching of the smoke from the funnels, to say nothing of the showers of fine cinders which are shot out of the stacks and are carried overboard or fall in myriads on the deck.

These are fresh and hot from the stoke-holds, and you may see them glowing on the deck like the pestiferous little bits of fire they are. Even behind your shield they find you out, and if you feel a sting in your neck, between your flesh and your muffler and various coat-collars and oil-frock, you may know that an enterprising little fellow has discovered you, and, having given you his last ray of heat, dies happy, leaving his calcined bones affectionately clinging to your skin.

Just under your feet the two propellors are whirling at the ends of their shafts; immediately below you the torn water is seething in a cloud of spray which never settles, and hanging to the stern as if part and parcel of the craft is a long white wake and a roaring low hill of water, like a cataract—for it is a peculiarity of destroyers' sterns that they so lie on the sea as to draw it up when the engines are working.

The advantages of this device are obvious, because the screws are always immersed and

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Looking aft from the bridge. The destroyer is running at full speed; dense columns of black smoke pour from her funnels, and strew the deck with cinders and sparks.

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there is an absence of "racing"—which for such a craft would be very bad indeed. Imagine the screws suddenly getting into the free air, with nothing to prevent the 7000 horse-power giving an incredible impetus before they plump down into the sea again.

It is in keeping with the general madness of the destroyer's progress when she is going "full bore" that ever and anon the steam-pipes should give short, sharp sounds, exactly like barks, as the safety-valves let off superfluous steam. This completes the simile you have mentally drawn between the destroyer and some swift marine monster of enormous power rushing headlong down upon her prey and furiously yapping in anticipation of victory.

We have seen what sort of ship it is that is put at the disposal of the lieutenant-commander. Let us get her cleared for action—not a long process, because she is at all times little more than a stripped hull. The razing of a few stanchions which are in the line of fire of the torpedo-tubes is one of the chief things to be done, and that is speedily accomplished. The torpedoes, fitted with their war-heads, are in their tubes, ready for firing; the seamen gunners are standing by their quick-firers; the engineers are below, and every other officer and man is at his appointed post.

In the brain of the ship—appropriately situated in her head—is the commander. This brain is the conning-tower—that circular structure under the forward gun-platform, just ahead of the bridge, which is more than likely to escape the attention of the ordinary visitor to a destroyer. It is made of armoured plate thick enough to resist rifle bullets and small missiles, and just large enough to hold two men and the necessary machinery for guiding the ship. From this conning or steering tower the destroyer is controlled when in action. There is a small steam steering-wheel, a compass, engine-room telegraphs, and tubes and electric signals communicating with every part of the vessel. It is quite round, and is fitted with a number of small portholes, from which the commander can get a view all round his ship except right astern, in which direction his vision is interfered with by the chart-house and the funnels.

But a destroyer is a wonderfully handy steerer, and if the commander wants to look directly astern, a little turn of the wheel enables him to do so. He enters the conning-tower through a door which forms part of the circle, and which, closing behind him, is fastened securely with clamps that are levered into position instantly and with a single turn. If he likes to do so the commander can armour himself completely by securing the steel deadlights which are fitted behind each porthole.

We will suppose that all have been screwed down except the one straight in front of him as he stands by the wheel in the tower. Like all officers who serve in destroyers, he is young and dare-devil—and he has need of being both for such a desperate task as that which has been allotted to him. His motto, in all probability, is, "Death or Glory," and, inasmuch as he despises all risks, and does not even pause to consider them, he is certain to meet with the one or gain the other.

War has broken out—a great naval war—and at last he has the opportunity of putting into practice the lessons of courage, endurance, and resource, to the learning of which his whole service in destroyers and his entire life in the British Navy has been devoted. He has been detailed to locate the position of a battleship which is known to be in the neighbourhood, and has been allowed great discretion in the matter.

He knows that he is at liberty, if he feels so disposed, to risk his ship and crew in an attempt to destroy the enemy, and, being young, fearless, and ambitious, he resolves to take his chance. It is considered that a destroyer and her crew are not a heavy price to pay for a battleship and her company.

In the dead of night he has found his quarry—a huge, noble, new battleship, which is lying fearfully at anchor in a roadstead, dreading an attack from some sea hornet and making her best defensive preparations. Her torpedo-nets are hung around her, and her crew are on the alert. At almost numberless guns men are stationed, and the muzzles command an area of sea in which a destroyer cannot live for more than a very few seconds. The odds are seriously against the commander, but he has made up his mind to face them and take his chances in a grand and daring rush.

The die is cast. It is touch and go with death. The destroyer gives no mercy, nor does she expect any—she would not receive it even if she did. Full speed ahead she rushes towards her quarry—the vast bulk whose search-lights send out intense beams which are like gigantic feelers on the face of the waters, feelers for that ruthless enemy

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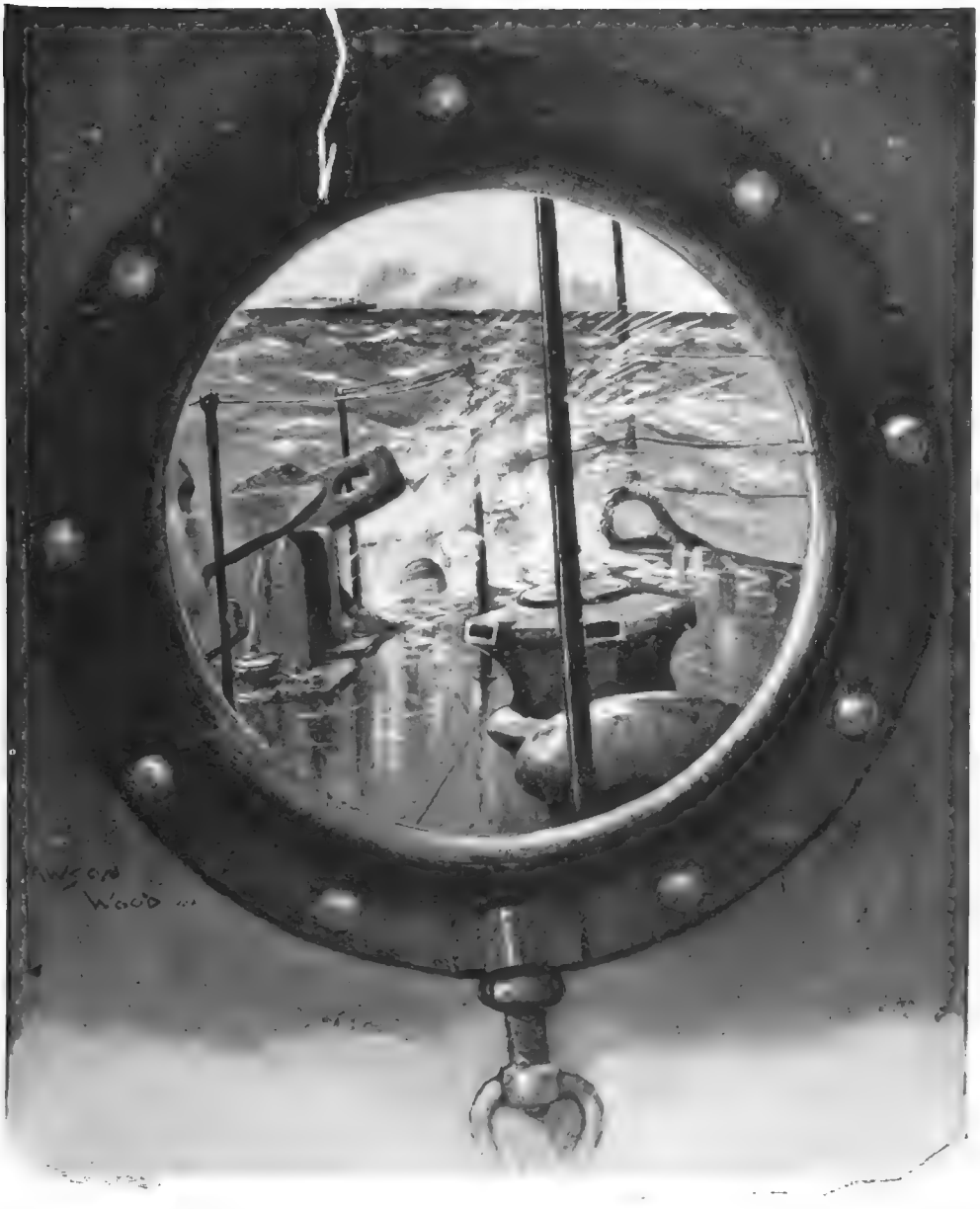

Looking forward through a porthole in the conning-tower.

which can dash up, fire, and disappear almost before her presence has been guessed. These very search-lights prove the battleship's undoing by acting as a target for the swooping foe.

The commander is greatly daring, and luck is with him. He approaches his prey and runs up within striking distance unobserved, for the strong beams have momentarily left the course he is taking and leave a black space in which he can steal onward unseen. A signal from the conning-tower, and the first torpedo is discharged. Another order and the second goes, lest the first should have missed the target.

But the luck of the bold has been with the

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commander, and both the terrible missiles have struck home. By the time they explode the destroyer has turned and is racing back into the dark night and safety. Of retaliatory fire there is none, since hopeless panic has fallen upon the battleship's company when the roar and concussion have pronounced her doom.

A few lives are saved, but she herself and nearly all her crew have disappeared. It is a noble victory—greater than annihilating a regiment on land could be, because another regiment can be raised in a few days or weeks, men being plentiful and cheap; but a battleship is the work of many months and, with most foreign nations, several years.

But there is another side to the picture, and it is darker than the black night in which the destroyer is hurrying frantically towards her prey. The target is the same, and the means of reaching and defending it are unaltered; it is only the end which differs.

In this case the destroyer is seen before she can discharge her torpedoes effectively, before she can turn and run away. She tears madly up towards the battleship, but into no friendly patch of darkness.

The sweeping search-lights find her out and instantly the night is reddened with the fire of guns, the great sides blaze with anger and the fighting-tops are lurid. There is the rapping of quick-firers and the savage crash of heavier weapons.

There is the rattle, too, of rifles, most of them wildly fired, and most of them missing their target. It is one thing to take steady aim in time of peace, when officers are watchful and ammunition has to be accounted for; when there is time to think and nothing to fear; it is another thing entirely when an enemy's destroyer rushes up and before her presence is known has discharged that white, shark-like form which, if it strikes, means sure destruction.

But wild and ragged as the gun and rifle fire has been, there are shots which have struck home. The conning-tower has been pierced and smashed; a shot has entered the vitals of the destroyer—has gone in at one side and out at the other as if she had been matchwood. The deck is torn and dented with bullets and red with the blood of the slain; and from the shattered ventilators rises a mass of mingled smoke and steam and powder fumes.

On deck not a soul survives, below every man is dead at his post—it is an inferno in which existence is impossible. In the conning-tower itself the commander has taken his last view of all things, his nerveless hands still on the spokes of the wheel, his sightless eyes still turned towards the porthole through which he cannot see.

Her work is done, her life is ended, and her torpedoes still lie in the tubes undischarged. She floats on the water, it is true, but only as a lifeless shell—a seamen's tomb. In a few minutes at the most she will disappear.

But there is another panic-stricken shot from the battleship. It strikes the destroyer as she settles by the head; there is an appalling explosion—swift and awful annihilation comes, for the shot has struck one of the torpedoes and the terrible weapon wreaks on its own ship that destruction which was destined for the leviathan that has triumphed and still floats proudly and in safety on the sea.

LIST OF OTHER ARTICLES IN THIS SERIES.

THIS is the fifth of a series of articles you would be very ill-advised to miss. Those which have already appeared are as follows:

I.—The Engine-Driver's Point of View (March, 1904).

II.—The Actor's Point of View (April, 1904).

III.—The Jockey's Point of View (May, 1904).

IV.—The Public Speaker's Point of View (June, 1904).

We hope to publish several other articles of a similar nature in our forthcoming numbers. . . . .

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The Puddleton Ghost

Showing that when Ghost Meets Ghost there is Apt to be Confusion.

By J. Philpot Witham.

CHAPTER I.

Jack Beveridge took his cigar from his mouth and frowned severely at it—a frown expressive of the state of his own feelings and not of the merits or demerits of the cigar, which was one of his own particular brand. He threw one leg over the other, and glanced dubiously across to where his chum Carstairs was contentedly sorting over his fishing tackle.

"Frank," he at length exclaimed abruptly, "I can't stand this any longer. I'm off back to town to-morrow."

Carstairs shrugged his shoulders and looked round. "Caught a beauty to-day," he said enthusiastically—"a two-pounder! Why not come down with me to-morrow? I could show you some capital sport."

Beveridge shook his head. "No, thanks," he replied, "I'm afraid fishing doesn't appeal to me.

"Great Scott!" he continued, "what a hole Puddleton is! The morning paper at 6.0 p.m.! And if one's imagination soars higher than bacon and eggs for breakfast, one has to order the luxury three days ahead. Pah! it makes me sick!"

"Thought you wanted a quiet place, old man," returned his chum, raising his eyes for an instant from his beloved fly-book. "Didn't I understand you meant to write up a few stories down here?"

"Quiet?" he snapped. "Quiet? One might as well be dead. I can't even write in a hole like this; the dead-and-aliveness of the place seems to get on my brain."

"And won't even your flirtation with the fair Molly serve to relieve the dulness?"

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Molly was the strapping daughter of the landlady at the Fisher's Arms, at which the two were staying.

"Um!" said Beveridge, rubbing his ear tenderly, "I'm afraid that young lady doesn't understand even the rudiments of the gentle art of flirtation. She gave me a ding on the side of the head this morning which made it ring for an hour."

"There only remains the ghost," laughed Carstairs, "and I must admit we have then reached the limit of Puddleton's attractions. Why don't you stay until to-morrow evening and help the villagers investigate the matter? Some of the bolder spirits have plucked up courage enough to organise a ghost-hunt for then. It seems to be causing quite a small sensation here."

"Ghost!" repeated the discontented one gloomily. "I'd give a fiver to see a genuine spectre. I'll bet some fuddled Puddletonian, meandering home after being fired out of the village 'pub,' has seen a cat running along the churchyard wall, or perhaps an old cow glaring at him from behind a tree, or some such thing. I should imagine it doesn't take much to create a sensation down here." And he relapsed into silence.

He smoked on steadily for a good ten minutes, and watched in a half-envying, half-pitying way the seriousness with which Carstairs made his preparations for the morrow's fishing.

Suddenly he sat up, and a look of interest came into his eye.

Crossing to the door, he quietly closed it.

"I say, old chap," he exclaimed, "why not *give* them a ghost?"

"Give them a ghost!" echoed his friend, who had forgotten the previous conversation in his more congenial occupation. "What the blazes do you mean?"

"Why, the villagers, the benighted inhabitants of Puddleton. When they go ghost-hunting to-morrow night, let us see that they are not disappointed!"

Carstairs put down his rod, and seated himself on the table, facing his friend.

"Sounds attractive," he said.

"Rather!" laughed Beveridge. "It would be a charity to provide them with a sensation. Yes" (smacking his thigh), "I think I'll stay—at least for the ghost-hunt. I daresay a pair of rubber-soled shoes and a sheet—our worthy landlady's will pass for white on a dark night—will be a sufficient equipment. They won't expect anything at all elaborate in the ghost line down here. Eh?"

Carstairs grinned appreciatively. "It won't be half bad," he said. "I take it, I'll go with the yokels, while you excuse yourself on some pretext?"

"That's it, old chap. I'll slip round the back of the churchyard, hop over the wall, and stroll up the East Walk, past the church porch. I believe it's there the watchers are going to take their stand. Oh, Jupiter! I can picture the funk they will be in! And with hands in pockets and his long legs stretched out straight before him he leaned back lazily in the armchair, and laughed gleefully at the pleasing prospect his fancy had conjured up.

"Let me see," he added. "This appears to be a silent spectre. No blood-curdling yells, are there?"

Carstairs shook his head. "Merely supposed to appear and glide slowly along," he said.

"That's a pity," sighed the instigator of the plot regretfully; "I should like to give them a real hair-raiser. I suppose there will be no objection to a little hand-wringing and a low moan or so as I pass the porch. Eh, Frank?"

"No," replied his friend, "I think you may allow yourself that luxury. I say, old man, I think we shall make history for Puddleton!"

And they did.

"I'll stand outside the porch," he continued, "on the other side, so that I can peep round and give them notice of your coming. It would be a pity for them to miss the pleasures of anticipation; that'll be half the fun. Trust me to work them up to a proper pitch of excitement, Jack!"

CHAPTER II.

We must leave it to Granfer Snow to tell the story of the famous Puddleton ghost-hunt—a story which he has related with success a hundred times. For Granfer was present on the night in question, and saw the spectre with his own eyes.

Hear him now, as, seated in the snug tap-room of the village inn, with a mug of beer in front of him, he repeats the story yet once more for the benefit of some visitor from the outside world who has become stranded in out-of-the-way Puddleton. A pint of ale will set Granfer's tongue going any day.

"You see, it was like this," he begins. "Ike Baker was a-going home one night—it was, maybe, about twelve o'clock—and his road took him past Puddleton churchyard.

"'Tis a dreary, lonesome sort o' place, with not a house nearer than a quarter of a

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"Ike didn't linger to investigate matters . . . . but took to his heels as fast as he could, and reached home . . . . after a spurt that surprised himself."

mile; so judge of Ike's surprise when he sees something white a-moving along the pathway in front o' the church door.

"Ike didn't linger to investigate matters, I can tell ye, but took to his heels as fast as he could, and reached home purty well done up after a spurt that surprised himself—for he was well over seventy.

"Anyhow, he was nigh scared out of his wits; and next mornin' the tale was all over Puddleton.

"That was the first we heard of the ghost.

"My nevvy Tom saw it next; but he, too, couldn't exactly explain what it was like; so some of us decided to go up in a body and see what we could make of it.

"There was two London chaps down here at the time, fishing or loafing—at any rate they wasn't doin' anything useful; and I can tell you it didn't best please us to have them call us a parcel of old women for believing in the ghost. Went so far as to suggest Ike Baker was drunk when he saw it, they did—Ike that's been 'blue-ribbon' for years.

"We talks it over together, me and Ike and a dozen more of us; and we reckons that if we do get up a ghost-hunt, so to speak, and draws a blank—well, they two chaps will have the laff of us.

"So young Jarge Harvey ups and says, 'Granfer, what say I dresses up as a ghost? 'T'ud be a pity fer they two London chaps to come wi' us, and then not see anything. 'Sides, look how they'd laff at us.

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"'I could borrer an old sheet,' he goes on, 'and then if I wuz to sort o' amble along the South-West Walk and prowl past the porch about midnight, I guess they two chaps would be purty badly scared, in spite of all their talk.

"'O' course, you must purtend to be scared, too,' he ses, 'or they might tumble to it.' 'Right,' we ses. And so it was agreed.

"Ay, you med laff, mister" (to his hearer), "you med laff! So did we when we planned it. But it don't do to tamper with these things, I can tell ye; and there wasn't much laff left in us after that evening's work.

"Ay, that were a night!" And the old man sighs and pulls slowly at his mug.

"Well, sir, by half-past 'leven we was all inside that church porch—a score of us, maybe. 'Twas a tight fit, as you can imagine; and we were none of us too anxious to get the outside berth.

"Only one of the London gents was there. T'other was ill, or something, and couldn't come. I rec'llect next day, when the thing was all over, we heard he was purty bad—under doctor—quite knocked up, it seemed. Must ha' come on sudden like, for we never heard what was the matter wi' un.

"But to go on wi' the story.

"The London chap what did come—name o' Carstairs—waited outside the porch on the South-West side. Said he preferred to smoke. So you can guess nothing could have suited us better; for if he didn't get a scare when Jarge came by—well, we reckoned we should be astonished.

"And as things turned out, he *did* get a scare. But that ain't all the story.

"We waits there quietly enough till just on twelve, and thinks it won't be long before Jarge comes along; when all at once the Londoner pokes his head round the corner. 'Hist! there's something coming up the East Walk,' he says.

"The *East* Walk, mind you! And we knew Jarge had planned to come up the South-West one.

"I can tell you we began to feel a little queer. This was summat we 'adn't bargained for.

"'What's it like?' we asks him quickly.

"'Oh,' he says, 'about a man's height; seems to be dressed in white. You'll soon see,' he goes on, 'for it's coming towards us.' And he sort o' grins.

"Yes, sir! That's what comes o' foolin'. For—as I'm a livin' man—glidin' slowly towards us was the *real* ghost! None o' yer Jarge dressed up in a sheet; but a **real**, proper, gen—u—ine ghost! I give you my word—'Tain't a sight I shall forget in a hurry!

"Scared? I should think we *was* scared—every man jack of us! And the number of us that swore off drink an' such things on the spot was a caution. I tell ye, if all the promises that was made that night had been kept, Paddleton would be a model village."

The old man shook his head and looked doubtfully at the mug in front of him. "Ay! we *was* rash," he said.

"The London chap had gone back again to his corner between the porch and the wall.

"All at once he gives a yell—a yell that made our blood run cold—and dashes in amongst us, wi' a face on him like he'd seen Old Nick, and his eyes nigh comin' out of his head. He was that scared he didn't seem to notice the *real* ghost.

"'Great Scott!' he gasps, 'I was looking round the corner up the South-West pathway, as I thought I heard something, and it's coming along *there!* It's the ghost—the real thing—or I'm a Dutchman!' And he shoves his way to the back o' the crowd.

"Of course, we knew he'd seen *Jarge* comin'. But I can tell ye, we were in no mood to laff, wi' that other—the real thing—so close at hand.

"'Pore ole Jarge!' we whispers. 'He'll run slap into un as he rounds the corner. It'll downright maze un, I doubt.'

"But none of us could call out and give him a warning to turn back. We couldn't seem to find our voices nohow.

"And that there figger was all the time drawin' nearer and nearer, and presently it gets overright the door and passes slowly by. It was a-wringin' its hands something awful, and the low sort o' groan it gave made a shudder run down yer spine—fairly made ye feel prickly all over.

"I was in front, and had a good view. Not that I wanted it; for I would ha' been only too willin' to change wi' anyone, and don't mind sayin' so. But I ain't so young as I once was; and being as it was a case of every man for hisself, well—those who wasn't good at hustlin' got on the outside!

"We was all of us a-holding of our breath—I thought I should ha' bust!—and as the thing passed out o' sight we all breathed a sigh o' relief; although I did hear that Londoner cry out in a cracked kind of voice, 'For Heaven's sake, go back!' But I do believe he was half off his head. 'Sides—what did *he* know about Jarge?

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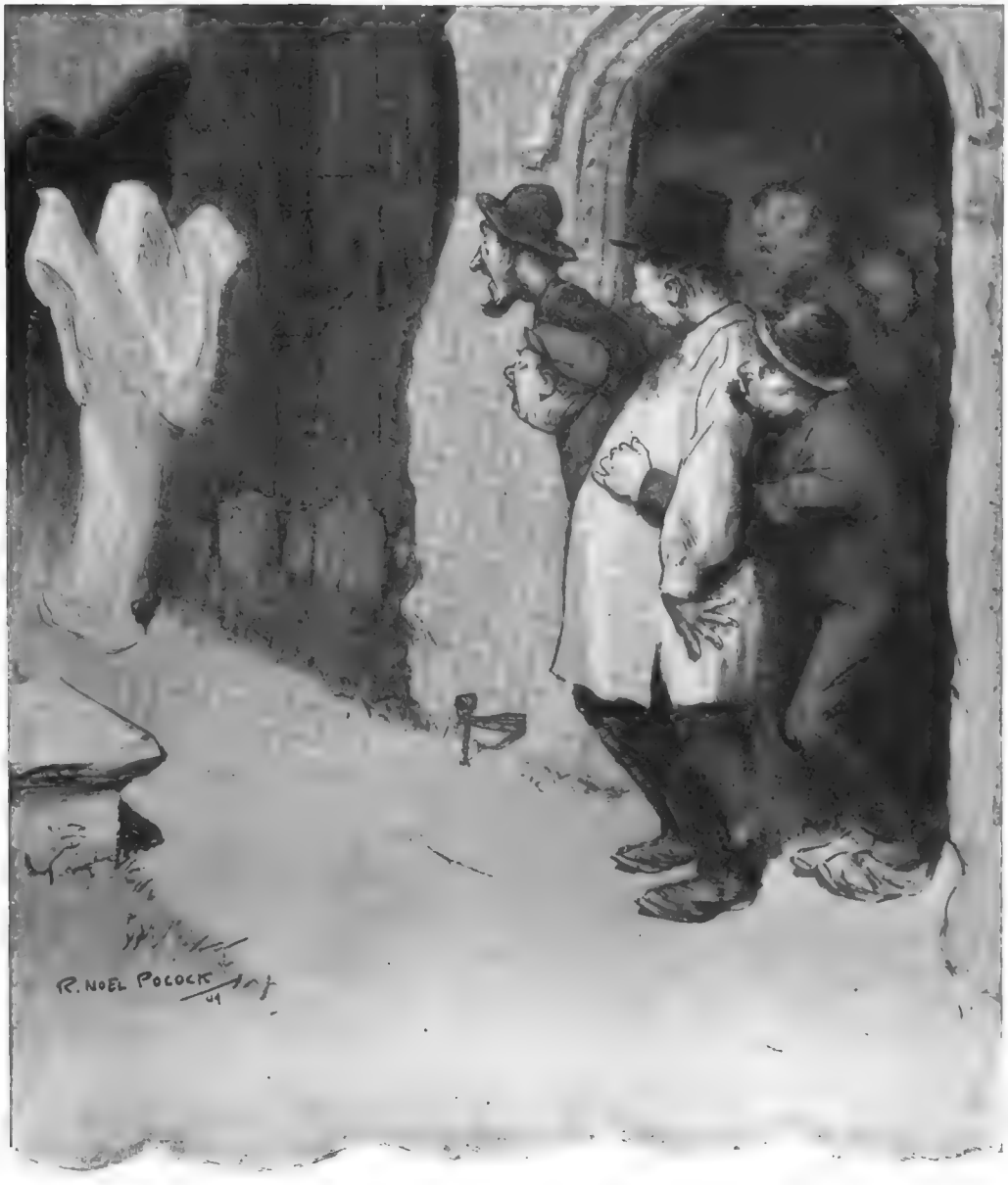

"Scared? I should think we *was* scared—every man Jack of us!"

"'Pore Jarge,' we says to ourselves.

"Then there was a yell—an awful yell (though some swears there was two—though it seems to me that's neither here nor there); and we concluded that Jarge and the ghost had met. And the next thing we sees was a figger in white a-makin' for the gateway out of the churchyard as if Old Harry was after him.

"That's a part we can't quite make out; for to the best of his rec'llection, Jarge says he believes he bolted over the wall and *not* through the gate.

"Anyhow, he don't exactly know what happened; for he reached home half scared to death, dropped down as soon as he got inside, and fainted right off. He didn't speak sensible for a week afterwards.

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"Doctor, he pulled un through; but it was a near thing fer Jarge.

"And there we all stuck in the porch, not a man daring to poke his nose outside. Had it been a human bein' there wasn't a man present wouldn't ha' tackled un—but a ghost! I leave it to you. What could we do?

"Presently Mr. Carstairs speaks.

"'What's that you were saying about Jarge?' he asks.

"So we told un how Jarge had dressed up on purpose to scare un.

"'Oh, my aunt!' he shouts, or some such nonsense. 'O Cæsar! *Two* of them!' and falls back against the doorway and laffs like he'd gone off his head.

"Which I do believe he had," continued the old man, gravely. "For, with a 'I'm off home,' he dashes out of the doorway and leaves us.

"But not a man of us could stir a leg to follow un.

"There we stuck; and there we should ha' stuck till mornin', hadn't Jake Wyatt's wife got nervous at him not comin' home.

"She had heard we was a-going to the churchyard that night, and so went round to the neighbours inquirin' about us.

"Then she hears about pore Jarge; so along they all goes to Parson Brown. It was now nearly three in the mornin', and he was, o' course, in bed.

"He throws up his winder, and asks them what they wanted. So they tells un about the ghost-hunt, and how their men hadn't turned up, and that they durst not go nigh the churchyard to look for them.

"So Parson dresses and comes along with 'em—the whole lot—purty nigh every grown-up in Puddleton was there, I should reckon—and along they comes in a body to the church.

"He throws up his winder, and asks them what they wanted."

"Parson, he was at first inclined to laff at us, and say it was all nonsense.

"Still, after what all of us had seen, Parson couldn't deny that there might be something in it, especially since the sight had sent pore Jarge nearly off his head; so he made up his mind to have the whole graveyard searched.

"And this is what they found.

"Hidden under some thick bushes, close up to the wall of the churchyard, at the very end of the East path—(You remember that's where the ghost came from)—they discovered a woman—dead—with a white shawl pulled over her head.

"She was a tramp that had been seen about the village for the last week or two.

"Parson wanted us to believe that the ghost we had seen that night was this pore old soul a-wanderin' about the graveyard; and so it might ha' been on the first two occasions when Ike Baker and my nevvy Tom saw it; but not on the night I've been tellin' ye about—that I'll swear.

"For (and Granfer looks round triumphantly) there was a hinquest, and Dr. Hammond gave it as his opinion that *she had been dead a couple o' days*—perhaps more. So that seems to me to knock the idea on the head.

"No, sir. Depend upon it, the pore old woman had died there, and couldn't rest quiet till she was buried; and what we saw was her sperrit a warnin' us of her death. There's no doubt about it."

* * * * *

From which it may be gathered that Carstairs had kept his knowledge to himself.

It now only remains for a member of the Psychical Research Society to stray into Puddleton to be furnished with as much evidence as he could wish of a genuine case of a death warning!

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BEATING THE BOUNDS

A village worthy leads the way along the parish boundary-line.

The Ancient and almost Extinct Ceremony of Marching Around the Exact Boundary-line of a Parish. The Illustrations are from Photographs Taken at Rushmere, near Ipswich, where the Custom is still Preserved.

By E. D. Ross.

Put on your oldest clothes, select a good stout stick from the rack, and come along!

The "meet" is in the village street, and a goodly company is gathered there by the time we arrive; the boys of the village school—granted a holiday for the occasion—swell its ranks considerably, and there are present, also, representatives of every class of village society, ranging from landowners and parish officials down to farm hands and confirmed idlers. All bear sticks, some carry measures, others stakes; one man has a pot of paint, another a chopper.

Being new to this kind of thing, you edge unobtrusively away from the gentleman with the axe and inquire of someone the reason for these various implements. They are, it appears, all for the same purpose—for striking, measuring, marking, chopping, or painting, the recognised boundary-marks of the parish.

You are reflecting that it must be a wearisome sort of existence for the boundary-mark, when your attention is called to a personage with an ordnance map,

All obstacles have to be surmounted—houses, barns, haystacks, anything that happens to lie on the bounds. Nothing must be circumvented.

on which (if you look over his shoulder) you will see the boundary of our village outlined in red ink—a thin red line, and that's the line we are going to follow.

It looks a very fair length, but you are out (you have been assured) for the purpose of thoroughly enjoying yourself, so you set your teeth and prepare to do so.

Come on, they're off!

Dull, dusty road for five minutes or so, but now we swing off to the left, through a hedge, across a meadow—and now things begin to happen.

To commence with, a haystack—a solid, uncompromising mountain of hay

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—which, it appears, lies fair and square across our path, and over (not around) which we must accordingly go. Someone procures a ladder, and you climb up one side and proceed down the other as best you are able. Either you climb down, or else (more likely) you are pushed, in which case you just go.

Some hardy ruffian probably reaches the ground with a bump almost on the top of you, and remarks with a grin: "Good fun, isn't it?" But you reserve your vote.

This initial check, however, has, or ought to have, the effect of warming you to your work—of producing much the same sort of result, in fact, as tea does at a picnic—all the stiffness is rubbed off, and everyone begins to enjoy themselves.

And this is as well, for now we are introduced to the rough and boisterous delights of "bumping," when to keep your temper is essential; to "get your own back" imperative. The process needs no sort of explanation.

It is simply bumping.

You are suddenly seized by the neck and heels, and more or less scientifically bumped against a boundary stone, or post, or roadway—anything, in fact, so long as it is hard—

At any moment young or old, squire or labourer, may be seized and "bumped" on the boundary-line, so that the extent of the parish will be impressed upon his memory.

The boundary crosses the high road which forms an admirable bumping-ground for those that have hitherto escaped the ceremony.

for the highly commendable purpose of impressing upon your memory (and your person) at least one landmark of the parish. It is a most effectual method, and it is prosecuted throughout the entire journey with the utmost vigour and impartiality. Old or young, rich or poor, at any moment you may be put through the mill; though by far the most likely time for your "turn" is just as you stand heartily enjoying the misfortunes of a companion.

And now we arrive at another rare obstacle—nothing less than a house. Well, if they will build their houses right on our boundary-line they must bear the consequences (and, to do them justice, they do, with fine good humour). See, here goes our trail, through the door (through we go!), across the kitchen and a sitting-room, and out by way of the window (out we scramble!).

There are several serious obstacles, and, indeed, before you have been many hours on your journey, you begin to think that there must be some peculiar virtue in the properties of a boundary-line. The theory appears to be that if one wants a pond, or a stack, or a well, or a barn, or a house, to be a success, one locates it on a boundary-line, and has, so to speak, given it the best possible start in life. You grow interested in the thing after a while, and, whenever a hill is topped and a

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stream or building comes in sight, you make confidential bets with yourself that the obstacle is dead on your line—you never lose.

As a direct result of this phenomenal popularity of the boundary-line we encounter several noteworthy experiences. There cannot be, for instance, many men who have been through a workhouse and an asylum in the same day and have lived to tell the tale; yet such is our fate. Both institutions lie on our trail and through both we pass. How

Having successfully negotiated stacks, barns, gates, and ditches, the boundary beaters find themselves faced by the asylum.

A nice, hard piece of road and the proximity of many youngsters affords the opportunity of bumping a little parochial geography into the youthful mind.

the inmates grin! And well they may, for all of us are heated, and there is no one but bears traces on his dress of flood or field, wide ditch or quick-set hedge.

A proposal to halt for lunch is carried with rare enthusiasm and unanimity. Nothing like beating the bounds for your appetite, as is demonstrated by the avidity with which we dispose of our *al fresco* meal.

And now, "forward!" is again the cry, and on we press with renewed vigour; meadow, heather, stream, marsh, ditch, and hedge—we sample them all, taking, *en route*, each one his good

Through wild scrub and woodland, across ploughed fields, wherever the boundary winds, the party follows, bumping and beating as it journeys along.

share of sousings and scratchings. We are like the march of an army of red ants—no obstacle stays our progress. No, not even a pond—a good, honest, deep, dirty, steep-sided pond—which is one of the last things we encounter. We cannot well get in a worse state than we already are, we argue, so through it we charge with a rush and a splash!

And so home again, our ranks sadly decimated, and the survivors but a sorry sight, indeed; plastered with mud, soaking wet, scratched, bleeding, and bruised (that bumping!); but one and all in fine health and spirits. Indeed, we feel that we have something to be proud of. Right around the parish, and not once off the boundary-line! Not once? Indeed, few can honestly claim to have followed the boundary-line of their parish without having once circumvented some obstacle—such as a river or a conservatory—and we were not exceptions. Why? Well, the trail neatly bisected the small-pox hospital, that's all.

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LANDLUBBERS VERSUS WATERBOBS

The Badger opened the innings with a magnificent drive.

A Cricket Story.

By S. Bridge-Worth and Harry Rowntree.

On a lonely stretch of sea-shore a full moon was shining.

It was low tide, and the moon had spread a silver mantle over all the sands.

Just at the middle of the line across the bay, made by the little silver waves as they lapped the silver sand, a golden path began, running right away across the sea until it dipped over the horizon.

All was very quiet and very beautiful—what funny things might not happen on such a lonely, lovely spot, with only the moon looking on?

It was not at all surprising that a shining seal should bob his head up out of the golden path that ran across the sea towards the moon.

"A fine night," said he, "for the cricket match—and the wicket looks in perfect order!"

With this he floundered out of the sea, and waddled across the sand, and espied an india-rubber cricket-ball that a little boy had left behind him on the shore that very morning.

"A great piece of luck," remarked the seal. "Now to practise catching," and he began to throw the ball about in the air, and to chase about after it, with all the agility he could command.

This, of course, is not saying very much, when a seal is on the sands.

"Hullo! hullo! hullo!" came a gruff voice from the sea, as an old sea-lion bobbed his head at that moment out of the golden path.

"All hail!" cried the seal, and playfully threw his ball at the sea-lion's head.

And the sea-lion made a great spring into the air, smacking the water loudly with his tail, to give himself a push-off, and twisting his body as a trout twists when he leaps at a fly—and he brought off a beautiful catch.

For the sea-lion was by far the best catcher among all the creatures who lived under the sea.

And the seal and the sea-lion began to play at catch on the silver sand, and there was only the moon to look on, until another head bobbed up from the golden path across the sea; and the seal and the sea-lion called out together: "Hurrah for the good old sea-serpent!"

The sea-serpent laid its head on the sand, and began to wriggle out of the water. Yard after yard of neck followed the head, and then yard after yard of body, and then yard after yard of tail, but where the neck ended and the body began, and where the body ended and the tail began, it would be quite impossible to say; but it was not until the sea-serpent's head had journeyed half-way across to the other side of the bay, that the tip of its tail came out of the sea.

"Hullo!" called out the sea-lion, as he leapt in the air after a ball; "how are you, sea-serpent—and did you pass any others of our team on your way?"

"Oh, yes," said the serpent, coiling his tail and his body and his neck round and round on the sand, as a sailorman coils a

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rope, "I have just passed old father crab on the golden path, and the tortoise and the porpoise are coming along as fast as they can—and now boys," said the serpent, "see, here, I've brought my cricket bat with me, so give me some practice balls."

And the serpent held up a cricket bat that he had made from a broken oar that had fallen into the sea from a shipwrecked boat.

As he hadn't any hands, he held the handle in a kink in his body, which answered very well.

The sea-serpent was quite the best batter of all the creatures in the sea—and he knocked the seal's bowling about so freely, that the sea-lion had to jump all over the bay after the ball.

But he loved jumping about.

It was not long before there was a great commotion in the golden path across the sea, and old father crab came floundering ashore.

Everyone was glad to see him, for he was by far the best wicket-keeper of them all.

"You look warm, sea-lion," remarked father crab, "mind you don't tire yourself before the match begins—and now," he went on, as he took his usual place behind the rock that served for wickets, "one of you boys give me a few balls, just to get my eye in."

And he began to show off his wicket-keeping powers, poking out his eyes as far as he could, and waving about his funny-looking hands, which anyone might easily mistake for proper wicket-keeping gloves.

But never a ball went past him, except when the seal bowled very big wides.

By now it was nearly midnight, and time for the match to begin.

"Hullo! hullo!" said the sea-lion in his cheery, gruff way, "I hope the tortoise and the porpoise won't be long."

And at that moment the porpoise and the tortoise clambered ashore, out from the golden path.

"Slow, but sure," said the tortoise, "I see we are all here now, but where are the Landlubbers?"

Everyone turned from looking at the sea to gaze towards the land; and just at that moment the team of Landlubbers hove in sight, away on the top of the cliff.

They were six strong—six aside was the rule in the Landlubbers *versus* Waterbobs cricket match—and they were led by their captain, the badger.

The badger was the best cricketer in the team, because these matches were always played at night, and night was really day to him.

He was followed by the artful fox, who was a very cunning player, and first-rate at stealing runs.

Behind the fox came the bear cub, and behind the bear cub came the kangaroo, and behind the kangaroo came the lizard, and last of all came the monkey.

The bay must have been in some foreign land for all these animals to meet together, or perhaps they escaped from some Zoo; but at any rate a little detail like that doesn't matter in a story, and anyway, there the animals were—and it would be difficult to say which looked the strongest team, the Waterbobs' or the Landlubbers'.

The sea-serpent, who was captain of the Waterbobs, waved his bat in a friendly way to greet the Landlubbers as they came down the cliff and across the sand.

"Good old Landlubbers!" cried the Waterbob team.

"Good old Waterbobs!" cried the Landlubber team.

"Hullo, hullo, hullo," suddenly exclaimed the sea-lion, "where's the referee?"

At this, the kangaroo calmly put his hand into his pouch, and produced a rattlesnake.

"Here I am," said the rattlesnake, rattling his rattle. "Now, sea-serpent, toss up your bat, and you, badger, cry 'round' or 'flat.'"

The sea-serpent tossed up his bat.

"Flat," cried the badger.

"Round it is," cried the sea-serpent and all the Waterbobs, when they saw that the bat had fallen with its round side uppermost.

"I'll go in first," said the sea-serpent.

The rattlesnake gave a loud rattle.

The great match began.

Now it was one thing for the sea-serpent to go in—but it was quite another for the others to get him out.

The rules of the game were: One in at a time, and everyone to field against him; and so there was always a full field of eleven out against the batsman.

The crab always kept wicket, because of his funny, glove-like hands. The seal began bowling, because he had been practising, and had got his eye in. The others grouped themselves about the sand just where they pleased, here and there, while the sea-lion was here, there, and everywhere at once, making the most surprising springs after the ball.

But though the sea-lion jumped his best, and the seal bowled his best, and all the others tried their best, they could not get the sea-serpent out.

He was so cunning.

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He would hit three or four balls running to mid-on, and then when all the fieldsmen had grouped themselves at mid-on in the hope of catching him out, he would begin to hit all the balls to mid-off.

And when all the players then took to grouping themselves at mid-off, he would drive all the balls to square-leg, and when all the field moved to square-leg, to make *sure* of catching him, he would suddenly take to cutting all the balls into the slips.

In fact, he drove the balls all round the wicket, and no one could tell where he would start hitting next.

And then it was so easy for him to score runs.

He would simply give a little spring forward, and in an instant he would throw his long body down all the length of the pitch, and in another instant he would coil it back again, as though he were built of springs.

He made ten runs in five minutes, and twenty in ten minutes, and thirty in a quarter of an hour, and forty in twenty minutes, and fifty before he had been batting half an hour.

"Retire!" cried everyone, when the sea-serpent scored his fiftieth run with a stroke that seemed to drive the ball half way to the moon.

"Certainly," answered the sea-serpent, and all the fieldsmen heaved a sigh of relief.

For it had looked as though the sea-serpent would have gone on batting for ever.

It was rather bad luck for the rest of the Waterbob side that they were all bowled, one after another, first ball—but as they all preferred fielding, because none of them, like the sea-serpent, could make kinks in their bodies to hold the bat in, they were rather more glad than sorry.

And now the rattlesnake gave a loud rattle, to announce that the Landlubbers' innings had begun—and their captain, the badger, took the bat in his fore-paws, and opened the innings with a magnificent drive that landed the ball clean on the poor porpoise's body.

So he scored the first run for the Landlubbers.

The second ball he drove clean into the sea, and the sea-serpent had to swim for it.

The third ball he drove clean on to the cliff, and the monkey had to climb for it.

The fourth ball he skied—and when it came down from the sky it landed clean in the sea-lion's mouth.

"Hullo, hullo, how's that?" cried the sea-lion.

"Out!" cried the rattlesnake, and rang his rattle.

The fox was the second man in.

Very cunning was his play. Here, there, and everywhere, far and near, he smote the balls, and whether far or near, he always managed to steal a run after every hit.

So the Landlubbers' score mounted up and up.

The fox had added fifteen runs to the badger's three, when suddenly something happened.

The ball disappeared!

The fox began running as though all the hounds on earth were after him.

Everyone searched high and low for the ball, but in vain.

And the fox went on running, and he must have scored about a hundred runs when, suddenly, the rattlesnake rang his rattle.

The fox stopped running. Everyone stopped searching for the ball to see what the matter was, and the rattlesnake said:

"Fox, open your mouth."

The fox looked very foolish at this.

"I declare," he said, "why, bless me, here's the ball in my mouth all the time. Well, I never!"

"Cheat!" cried everyone.

"He's out for cheating," cried the rattlesnake.

"Hullo, hullo!" said the sea-lion. "That's bad, and now, of course, only fifteen of his runs will count."

The fox smiled foolishly.

The kangaroo went in in his place.

Now, it was very bad luck for the kangaroo that the very first ball that was bowled to him landed in his pouch.

"How's that?" screamed the fox at once clever as anything. "If I was ruled 'out' for catching the ball, surely the kangaroo, must be out, too?"

"True," said the rattlesnake. "That must be so." And he rang his rattle once more.

"Eighteen runs to the Landlubbers," he announced, after adding up the score. "Three wickets down. Last man, duck. Next, please."

The next man in was the lizard.

Now the lizard was a born cricketer.

Though only a little fellow, he drove the ball across the sand in the finest style, and he was so nimble on his feet that he scored runs like winking.

In less than no time he had knocked up a dozen runs.

Then he ran out to take at half-volley a very tempting ball that the seal now bowled.

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The sea-lion was here, there, and everywhere at once, making the most surprising springs after the ball.

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But the ball screwed, and the lizard missed it, and the crab knocked his wicket.

So the score read thirty runs for four wickets.

"Splendid!" cried the badger, when he heard the figure. "Only twenty runs now, and we equal the Waterbobs, so play your best, little bear cub!"

Everyone loved the little bear cub who went in next—he was such a jolly little chap, and he played such funny cricket—and so everyone cheered him when he went to the wicket.

"Now then, Ranji!" called out the seal.

"Make a hundred," said the lizard.

"Steal all you can," cried the fox.

And the little bear cub danced gaily out to take his first ball.

But it bowled him, middle rock.

And so the monkey went in.

Now the monkey could play cricket almost as well as any school-boy, and with his little hand he could hold a bat almost as well as C. B. Fry himself, and he had capital long legs for running with.

So he scored very fast, and he had just finished his nineteenth run, so that one more run would make the scores equal, when the sea-lion made a remark that caused his hair to stand on end.

"Hullo, hullo, hullo," said the sea-lion, in his gruff, cheery way, "how in the world are the Landlubbers going to get off the sands—*just look at the sea!*"

And the little bear cub danced gaily out to take his first ball.

Everyone looked at the sea. And everyone saw that the sea had managed, somehow or other, to completely surround the cricketers whilst they had been so busily playing.

Of course, this didn't matter to the Waterbobs—they could swim.

But how could the Landlubbers get home?

The brave badger now made a speech.

"My friends and fellow cricketers," he said, "it is clear that all we Landlubbers must be drowned this night in the sea—but let us try and finish and win the game before the sea covers us!"

Everyone applauded this fine thought very loudly—except the fox, who didn't like the idea of drowning at all.

But the wise sea-serpent had a better idea.

"You are a brave fellow, badger," he said, "but I think between us we ought to be able to save you from drowning. Don't you think you could all manage to walk to land if I made a bridge of myself for you?"

Everyone now applauded the wise sea-serpent for *this* capital idea.

And the sea-serpent threw his long body all the way across the sea, till his head touched the land; and the tortoise and the porpoise, and the crab and the seal all supported his body so that it could bear the weight of the Landlubbers as they walked along it; and the Landlubbers began to cross over to dry land.

Needless to say, the fox went first.

And soon all the Landlubbers had crossed safely over the sea-serpent's body from the treacherous sea-sand on to the high dry cliff; and the kangaroo carried the rattlesnake over in his pouch.

And then the Landlubbers began to cheer the Waterbobs.

"Good old Waterbobs," they cried.

And the Waterbobs began to cheer the Landlubbers.

"Good old Landlubbers," they cried.

"Well, I declare," said the badger, "what a pity we couldn't stop to finish the match—but as *you* made fifty runs, and we only made forty-nine, we must count it that you won—hurrah for the Waterbobs!"

But the sea-serpent wouldn't hear of this.

"Not at all, not at all," he cried, "we must count it that *you* won, as the monkey is still in, and he might have made another hundred runs. Hurrah for the Landlubbers!"

The rattlesnake now put his head out of the kangaroo's pouch, and rang his rattle for silence.

"I suggest," he cried, "that the match be called a draw!"

And at this both the Waterbobs and the Landlubbers began to cheer more loudly than ever.

And then everyone said good-night to everyone else and went off home.

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And the kangaroo carried the rattlesnake over in his pouch.

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MR. —HIS PAGES.

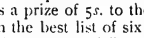
An extract, this month, from "Mr. X's" Colonial post-bag. Writing from St. Mary's, Cape Town, one of his readers, who had just received a Puzzle Penknife, says: "I had a little joke over it when it arrived. I received official notice to repair to the Post Office and pay duty for the parcel if necessary. I unpacked the knife in the presence of the officials and found it open and refusing to shut. They asked me the value of it, that they might calculate the duty. I handed them the knife and asked them to shut it (the paper of instructions was by this time safe in my pocket). When they failed I asked them to fix the price of a knife that wouldn't shut, answer: value nil, duty nil. But it shut all right just outside the Post Office!"

Puzzle Penknives will be given as prizes to readers who forward new puzzles, problems, and other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X," and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

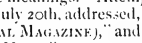
MR. X'S MONTHLY PRIZE.

No. 1.

Foreigners find the English language very difficult, and no wonder. Take the various and entirely different meanings of the word "box" for example. There is a witness-box, a box at a theatre, the box of a cab, a box on the ear, a cardboard box, and so forth. Many other words present the same difficulty. Mr. X offers a prize of 5*s.* to the reader who sends him in the best list of six words which have several entirely different meanings, together with these meanings. Attempts must be sent in before July 20th, addressed, "Mr. X (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE)," and marked on the envelope "No. 1."



Q. When is a boat not a boat?
A. When it's turned turtle.



TURNING THE TABLES.

DULLE: "I'm no good at making puzzles like you are, but here's a little thing."

SMARTE: "Oh, go on, I don't mind."

DULLE: "Well, a lady had three unexpected guests to lunch, and had only two mutton chops in the house, yet she managed to give each guest and herself one apiece. How did she do it?"

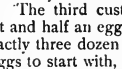
SMARTE (after working out all manner of ingenious replies without result, sulkily): "Well, how *did* she do it?"

DULLE: "She sent to the butcher's for two more, that's all. It's funny how a clever chap like you never thought—" (Exit Smarte.)

AN EGG PROBLEM.

A man sets out with a basket of eggs for sale. His first customer buys a half of what the basket contains and half an egg. The second customer buys half of what is left and half an egg. The third customer buys half of what is left and half an egg. That left the man with exactly three dozen eggs. He had no broken eggs to start with, he didn't break any, and he had no broken ones left.

Can you find out how many eggs he had when he started?



FOR THE DINNER-TABLE.

AUGUSTUS (setting a wine-glass upside down in front of Algernon and placing beside it a halfpenny and two matches): "Now, Algernon, I bet you half-a-crown you can't place that halfpenny on the top of that wine-glass with the help of those two matches only."

ALGERNON (gleefully): "Right! As it happens I've done it before."

(After a little difficulty he succeeds in raising the coin and placing it on the wine-glass.)

AUGUSTUS: "Ah, I thought you couldn't."

ALGERNON: "Couldn't! Why, I have! Hand over the bet."

AUGUSTUS: "My dear man, I said on the *top* of the wine-glass. You've put the halfpenny on the bottom. Half-a-crown, wasn't it?"

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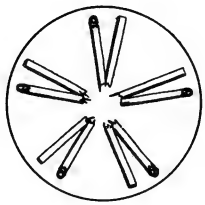


Fig. 1.

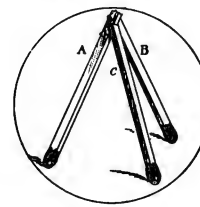


Fig. 2.

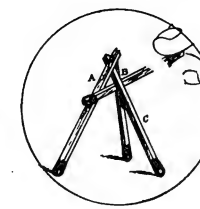


Fig. 3.

MATCHES.

Here are two capital tricks with matches. The first (Fig. 1) is accomplished by bending five matches till they are almost broken and placing them as shown. Now drop a little water on the broken ends, when the extremities of the matches will slowly stretch out and touch one another, making a star-shaped figure. The next trick is shown in Figs. 2 and 3. Arrange the matches as shown in Fig. 2—one match fitted into a slit at the top of another, and a third balanced against them. The puzzle is to raise these three all together with another match. Look at Fig. 3 for the solution: Pass the lifting match under C and in front of A and B. Press gently against A and B, when C will slip down, hock under the joined matches, and you will triumphantly lift the lot.

Bootiful Catches.

Tom: "I say, Harry, here's a riddle for you. What is it that walks up stairs on its head?"

Harry: "Give it up. It's a catch, I suppose?"

Tom: "Not at all, it's a nail in your boot. And, by the by, when is a pair of boots a misfit?"

Harry: "When they don't fit of course."

Tom: "On the contrary, when they *do* fit—a Miss. And why are you like a pair of boots just being purchased?"

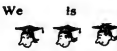
Harry: "Oh, I don't know."

Tom: "Because you're sold. And why——"

Harry: "Oh, for goodness' sake shut up."

What well-known proverb is expressed by the following?

We Is do



Caught by Nought.

Many people when taken off their guard quite forget that any number multiplied by nought equals nothing. Fun can be made out of this by getting someone to multiply together a few numbers one of which is nought.

For instance ask someone to multiply together 7, 3, 9, 0, 4. Some will say 189 is the answer, some that 4 is. All will grow exasperated at your saying "wrong" to every answer until you point out that $7\times3=21$. $21\times9=189$. $189\times0=0$. $0\times4=0$.

Very Sad!

Jones (parting from a friend after a chat): "By the by, old man, are you going to dine anywhere on Thursday?"

Smith (expectantly): "No."

Jones: "Well, that is bad luck. Awfully sorry for you—ta-ta."

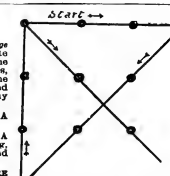
RESULTS.

A Puzzling Trick (*page* 146).—The puzzle was to unite the nine dots shown in the figure by four straight lines, drawn without lifting the pencil from the paper and without going back along any line.

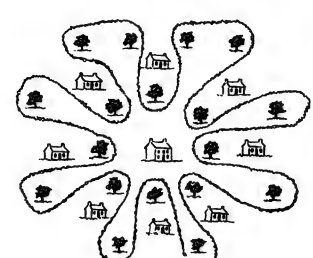
What is it? (*page* 148).—A fire.

Many in Few (*page* 148).—A brother and sister having, respectively, a son and daughter.

Something Wrong Here (*page* 140).—Threepence.



The Clever Farmer (*page* 140).—The puzzle was to connect all the outer trees with the centre house and to give each outer house an inner tree.



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If You Were A Spider And I Were A Fly

If you were a spider, dear, and I
Were only a roving fly,
Would you anxious be to capture me
As I went flying by?
Would you quickly chase, and in close embrace
Bear me swiftly up on high,
If you were a spider, dear, and I were a roving fly?

Left perhaps in a room, an inquisitive broom
Might be paying too frequent a call,
Would you weave me a cobweb all comfy and clean
Neath the roses that clamber the wall?
Would you choose me the cosiest corner you'd seen
In that feathery hammock to lie?
Would you cherish me, too? Would you really—If you
Were a spider and I were a fly?

If you were a spider, dear, and I
Were only a captive fly,
Would you clasp me tight, for fear I might
Escape you on the sly?
And if I should sue, with a kiss or two,
Could I thus my freedom buy—
If you were a spider, dear, and I were a captive fly?

—Herbert Fordwych of Aldwych

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THE OLD MAN IN THE CORNER

By The Baroness Orczy.

IV.
WHO STOLE THE BLACK DIAMONDS?

Still as Clever as He Ever was, the Old Man in the Corner now Gives a Most Surprising Solution Regarding the Theft of Some Royal Gems.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Old Man in the Corner...	Who Unravels the Mystery to-
The Lady Journalist	Who Re-tells it to the Royal Readers.
The King and Queen of Bohemia	Who Wished to Sell the Black Diamonds.
John Lucas	Gardener at Eaton Chase.
Mr. James S. Wilson	An American Millionaire.
Mrs. Wilson	His Wife.
Mary Pritchard	Mrs. Wilson's Maid.
Lord Barnsdale	A Master of Foxhounds.
Lady Barnsdale	His Wife.
Mrs. Vanderdellen	A Wealthy Widow.
Sir Arthur Inglewood	An Eminent Barrister.
Mr. Albert V. B. Sedley) ;	Friends of the Late Mr. Vanderdellen.
Mr. Cornelius Shee)	

CHAPTER I.

"Do you know who that is?" said the man in the corner, as he pushed a small packet of photos across the table.

The picture on the top represented an entrancingly beautiful woman, with bare arms and neck and a profusion of pearl and diamond ornaments about her head and throat.

"Surely this is the Queen of ——?"

"Hush!" he broke in abruptly with mock dismay; "you must mention no names."

"Why not?" I asked laughing, for he looked so droll in his distress.

"Look closely at the photo," he replied, "and at the necklace and tiara that the lady is wearing."

"Yes," I said. "Well?"

"Do you mean to say you don't recognise them?"

I looked at the picture more closely, and then there suddenly came back to my mind that mysterious story of the Black Diamonds,

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which had not only bewildered the police of Europe, but also some of its diplomats.

"Ah! I see you do recognise the jewels!" said the funny creature after a while. "No wonder! for their design is unique, and photographs of that necklace and tiara were circulated practically throughout all the world.

"Of course I am not going to mention names, for you know very well who the royal heroes of this mysterious adventure were. For the purposes of my narrative, suppose I call them the King and Queen of 'Bohemia.'

"The value of the stones was said to be fabulous and it was only natural when the King of 'Bohemia' found himself somewhat in want of money—a want which has made itself felt before now with even the most powerful European monarchs—that he should decide to sell the precious trinkets, worth a small kingdom in themselves. In order to be in closer touch with the most likely customers, their Majesties of 'Bohemia' came over to England during the season of 1902—a season memorable alike for its deep sorrow and its great joy.

"After the sad postponement of the Coronation festivities, they rented Eton Chase, a beautiful mansion just outside Chislehurst, for the summer months. There they entertained right royally, for the Queen was very gracious and the King a real sportsman—there also the rumour first got about that His Majesty had decided to sell the world famous parure of black diamonds.

"Needless to say, they were not long in the market: quite a host of American millionaires had already coveted them for their wives, and brisk and sensational offers were made to His Majesty's business man both by letter and telegram.

"At last, however, Mr. Wilson, the multi-millionaire, was understood to have made an offer, for the necklace and tiara, of £500,000, which had been accepted.

"But a very few days later, that is to say, on the Sunday and Monday, July 6th and 7th, there appeared in the papers the short but deeply sensational announcement that a burglary had occurred at Eton Chase, Chislehurst, the mansion inhabited by Their Majesties the King and Queen of 'Bohemia'; and that among the objects stolen was the famous parure of black diamonds, for which a bid of half a million sterling had just been made and accepted.

"The burglary had been one of the most daring and most mysterious ones ever brought under the notice of the police authorities. The mansion was full of guests at the time, among whom were many diplomatic notabilities, and also Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, the future owners of the gems; there was also a very large staff of servants. The burglary must have occurred between the hours of 10 and 11.30 p.m., though the precise moment could not be ascertained.

"The house itself stands in the midst of a large garden, and has deep French windows opening out upon a terrace at the back. There are ornamental iron balconies to the windows of the upper floors, and it was to one of these, situated immediately above the dining-room, that a rope ladder was found to be attached.

"The burglar must have chosen a moment when the guests were dispersed in the smoking, billiard, and drawing-rooms; the servants were having their own meal, and the dining-room was deserted. He must have slung his rope ladder, and entered Her Majesty's own bedroom by the window which—as the night was very warm—had been left open. The jewels were locked up in a small iron box, which stood upon the dressing-table, and the burglar took the box bodily away with him and then, no doubt, returned the way he came.

"The wonderful point in this daring attempt was the fact that most of the windows on the ground floor were slightly open that night, that the rooms themselves were filled with guests, and that the dining-room was not empty for more than a few minutes at a time, as the servants were still busy clearing away after dinner.

"At nine o'clock some of the younger guests had strolled out on to the terrace, and the last of these returned to the drawing-room at ten o'clock; at half-past eleven one of the servants caught sight of the rope ladder in front of one of the dining-room windows, and the alarm was given.

"All traces of the burglar, however, and of his princely booty had completely disappeared."

CHAPTER II.

"Not only did this daring burglary cause a great deal of excitement," continued the man in the corner, "but it also roused a good deal of sympathy in the public mind for the King and Queen of 'Bohemia,' who thus found their hope of raising half a million sterling suddenly dashed to the ground. The loss to them would, of course, be irreparable.

"Matters were, however, practically at a standstill, all inquiries from enterprising journalists only eliciting the vague information that the police 'held a clue.' We all

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know what that means. Then all at once a wonderful rumour got about.

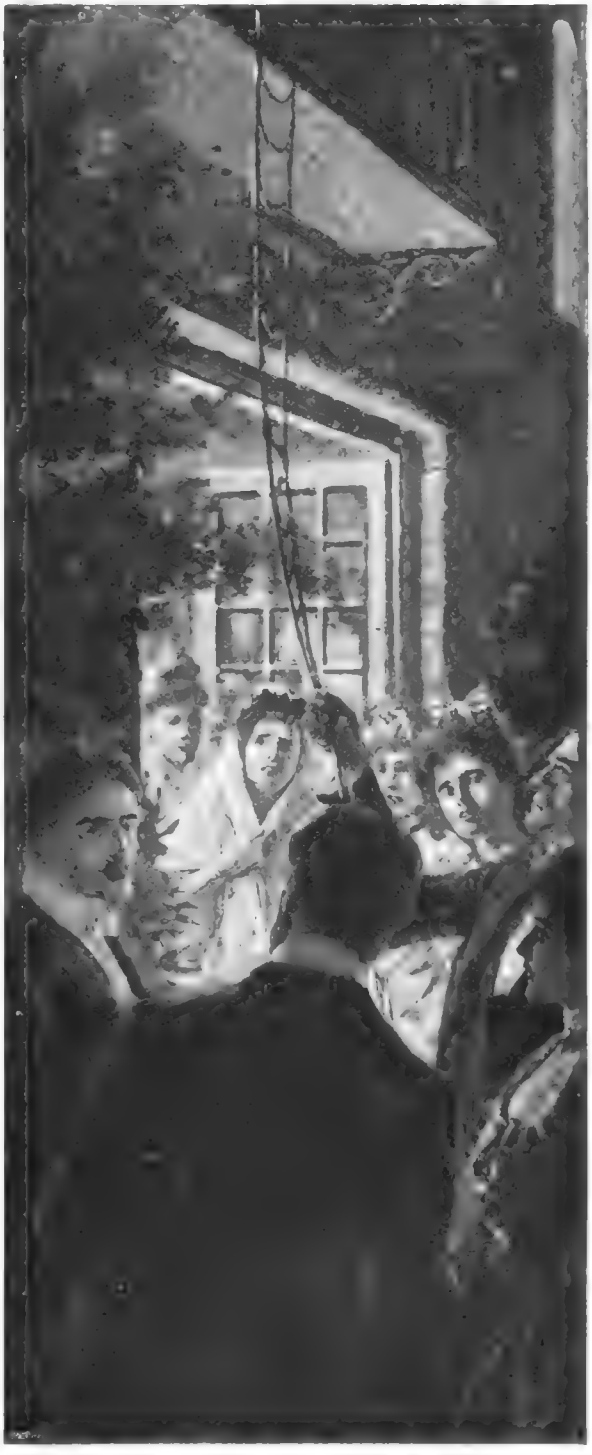
"Goodness only knows how these rumours originate—sometimes solely in the imagination of the man in the street. In this instance, certainly, that worthy gentleman had a very sensational theory. It was namely rumoured all over London that the clue which the police held pointed to no less a person than Mr. Wilson himself.

"What had happened was this: Minute inquiries on the part of the most able detectives of Scotland Yard had brought to light the fact that the burglary at Eton Chase must have occurred precisely between ten minutes and a quarter past eleven; at every other moment of the entire evening somebody or other had observed either the terrace or the dining-room windows.

"I told you that until ten o'clock some of Their Majesties' guests were walking up and down the terrace; between ten and half-past servants were clearing away in the dining-room, and here it was positively ascertained beyond any doubt that no burglar could have slung a rope ladder and climbed up it immediately outside those windows, for one or other of the six servants engaged in clearing away the dinner must of necessity have caught sight of him.

"At half-past ten John Lucas, the head gardener, was walking through the gardens with a dog at his heels, and did not get back to the lodge until just upon eleven. He certainly did not go as far as the terrace, and as that side of the house was in shadow he could not say positively whether the ladder was there or not, but he certainly did assert most emphatically that there was no burglar about the *grounds* then, for the dog was a good watch-dog and would have barked if any stranger was about. Lucas took the dog in with him and gave him a bit of supper, and only fastened him to his kennel outside at a quarter-past eleven.

"Surmising, therefore, that at half-past ten, when John Lucas started



One of the servants caught sight of the rope ladder in front of one of the dining-room windows, and the alarm was given.

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on his round, the deed was not yet done, that quarter of an hour would give the burglar the only possible opportunity of entering the premises *from the outside*, without being barked at by the dog. Now, during most of that same quarter of an hour, His Majesty the King of 'Bohemia' himself had retired into a small library with his private secretary, in order to glance through certain despatches which had arrived earlier in the evening.

"The window of this library was immediately next to the one outside which the ladder was found, and both the secretary and His Majesty himself think that they would have seen something or heard a noise if the rope-ladder had been slung while they were in the room. They both, however, returned to the drawing-room at ten minutes past eleven.

"And here," continued the man in the corner, rubbing his long, bony fingers together, "arose the neatest little complication I have ever come across in a case of this kind. His Majesty had, it appears, privately made up his mind to accept Mr. Wilson's bid, but the transaction had not yet been completed. Mr. Wilson and his wife came down to stay at Eton Chase on June 29th, and directly they arrived many of those present noticed that Mr. Wilson was obviously repenting of his bargain. This impression had deepened day by day, Mrs. Wilson herself often throwing out covert hints about 'fictitious value' and 'fancy prices for merely notorious trinkets.' In fact, it became very obvious that the Wilsons were really seeking a loophole for evading the conclusion of the bargain.

"On the memorable evening of July 5th Mrs. Wilson had been forced to retire to her room early in the evening, owing, she said, to a bad headache; her room was in the west wing of the Chase, and opened out on the same corridor as the apartments of Her Majesty the Queen. At half-past eleven Mrs. Wilson rang for her maid—Mary Pritchard, who, on entering her mistress's room, met Mr. Wilson just coming out of it, and the girl heard him say: 'Oh, don't worry! I'll have the whole reset when we get back.'

"The detectives, on the other hand, had obtained information that two or three days previously Mr. Wilson had sustained a very severe loss on the 'Change, and that he had subsequently remarked to two or three business friends that the Black Diamonds had become a luxury which he had no right to afford.

"Be this as it may, certain it is that within a week of the notorious burglary the rumour was current in every club in London that James S. Wilson, the reputed American millionaire, having found himself unable to complete the purchase of the Black Diamonds, had found this other very much less legitimate means of gaining possession of the gems.

"You must admit that the case looked black enough against him—all circumstantial, of course, for there was absolutely nothing to prove that he had the jewels in his possession; in fact no trace of them whatever had been found, but the public argued that Mr. Wilson would lie low with them for a while, and then have them reset when he returned to America.

"Of course, ugly rumours of that description don't become general about a man without his getting some inkling of them. Mr. Wilson very soon found his position in London absolutely intolerable: his friends ignored him at the club, ladies ceased to call upon his wife, and one fine day he was openly cut by Lord Barnsdale, an M.F.H., in the hunting field.

"Then Mr. Wilson thought it high time to take action. He placed the whole matter in the hands of an able if not very scrupulous solicitor, who promised within a given time to find him a defendant with plenty of means, against whom he could bring a sensational libel suit, with thundering damages.

"The solicitor was as good as his word. He bribed some of the waiters at the Carlton, and so laid his snares that, within six months, Lord and Lady Barnsdale had been overheard to say in public what everybody now thought in private, namely, that Mr. James S. Wilson, finding himself unable to purchase the celebrated Black Diamonds, had thought it more profitable to steal them.

"Two days later Mr. James S. Wilson entered an action in the High Courts for slander against Lord and Lady Barnsdale, claiming damages to the tune of £50,000."

CHAPTER III.

"Still the mystery of the lost jewels was no nearer to its solution. Their Majesties the King and Queen of 'Bohemia,' had left England soon after the disastrous event which deprived them of what amounted to a small fortune.

"It was expected that the sensational slander case would come on in the autumn, or rather more than sixteen months after the mysterious disappearance of the Black Diamonds.

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"This last season was not a very brilliant one, if you remember; the wet weather, I believe, had quite a good deal to do with the fact; nevertheless, London, that great world centre, was, as usual, full of distinguished visitors, among whom Mrs. Vanderdellen, who arrived the second week in July, was perhaps the most interesting.

"Her enormous wealth spread a positive halo round her, it being generally asserted that she was the richest woman in the world. Add to this that she was young, strikingly handsome, and a widow, and you will easily understand what a furore her appearance during this London season caused in all high social circles.

"Though she was still in slight mourning for her husband, she was asked everywhere, went everywhere, and was courted and admired by everybody, including some of the highest in the land; her dresses and jewellery were the talk of the ladies' papers, her style and charm the gossip of all the clubs. And no doubt that, although the July evening Court promised to be very brilliant, everyone thought that it would be doubly so, since Mrs. Vanderdellen had been honoured with an invitation, and would presumably be present.

"I like to picture to myself that scene at Buckingham Palace," continued the man in the corner, as his fingers toyed lovingly with a beautiful and bran-new bit of string. "Of course, I was not present actually, but I can see it all before me; the lights, the crowds, the pretty women, the glistening diamonds; then, in the midst of the chatter, a sudden silence fell as 'Mrs. Vanderdellen' was announced.

"All women turned to look at the beautiful American as she entered, because her dress—on this her first appearance at the English Court—was sure to be a vision of style and beauty. But for once nobody noticed the dress from Felix, nobody even gave a glance at the exquisitely lovely face of the wearer. Everyone's eyes had fastened on one thing only, and everyone's lips framed but one exclamation, and that an 'Oh!' half of amazement and half of awe.

"For round her neck and upon her head Mrs. Vanderdellen was wearing a gorgeously magnificent parure composed of black diamonds.

"Round her neck and upon her head Mrs. Vanderdellen was wearing a gorgeously magnificent parure composed of black diamonds."

CHAPTER IV.

"I don't know how the case of Wilson *v.* Barnsdale was settled, for it never came into court. There were many people in London who owed the Wilsons an apology, and it is to be hoped that these were tendered in full.

"As for Mrs. Vanderdellen, she seemed quite unaware why her appearance at Their Majesties' Court had caused quite so much sensation. No one, of course, broached the subject of the diamonds to her, and she no doubt attributed those significant 'Oh's' to her own dazzling beauty.

"The next day, however, Detective Marsh, of Scotland Yard, had a very difficult task before him. He had to go and ask a beautiful, rich, and refined woman how she happened to be in possession of stolen jewellery.

"Luckily for Marsh, however, he had to deal with a woman who was also charming, and who met his polite inquiry with an equally pleasant reply:

"'My husband gave me the Black Diamonds,' she said, 'a year ago, on his return from Europe. I had them set in Vienna last spring, and wore them for the first time last night. Will you please tell me the reason of this strange inquiry?'

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"'Your husband?' echoed Marsh, ignoring her question, 'Mr. Vanderdellen?'

"'Oh, yes,' she replied sweetly, 'I dare say you have never heard of him. His name is very well known in America, where they call him the "Petrol King." One of his hobbies was the collection of gems, which he was very fond of seeing me wear, and he gave me some magnificent jewels. The Black Diamonds certainly are very handsome. May I now request you to tell me,' she repeated, with a certain assumption of hauteur, 'the reason of all these inquiries?'

"'The reason is simple enough, madam,' replied the detective abruptly, 'those diamonds were the property of Her Majesty the Queen of "Bohemia," and were stolen from Their Majesties' residence, Eton Chase, Chiselhurst, on the 5th of July last year.'

"'Stolen!' she repeated, aghast and obviously incredulous.

"'Yes, stolen,' said old Marsh. 'I don't wish to distress you unnecessarily, Madam, but you will see how imperative it is that you should place me in immediate communication with Mr. Vanderdellen, as an explanation from him has become necessary.'

"'Unfortunately that is impossible,' said Mrs. Vanderdellen, who seemed under the spell of a strong emotion.

"'Impossible?'

"'Mr. Vanderdellen has been dead just over a year. He died three days after his return to New York, and the Black Diamonds were the last present he ever made me.'

"There was a pause after that. Marsh—experienced detective though he was—was literally at his wits' ends what to do. He said afterwards that Mrs. Vanderdellen, though very young and frivolous outwardly, seemed at the same time an exceedingly shrewd, far-seeing business woman. To begin with, she absolutely refused to have the matter hushed up, and to return the jewels until their rightful ownership had been properly proved.

"'It would be tantamount,' she said, 'to admitting that my husband had come by them unlawfully.'

"At the same time she offered the princely reward of £10,000 to anyone who found the true solution of the mystery: for, mind you, the late Mr. Vanderdellen sailed from Havre for New York on July the 8th, 1902, that is to say, three clear days after the theft of the diamonds from Eton Chase, and he presented his wife with the loose gems immediately on his arrival in New York. Three days after that he died.

"It was difficult to suppose that Mr. Vanderdellen purchased those diamonds not knowing that they must have been stolen, since, directly after the burglary the English police telegraphed to all their Continental colleagues, and within four-and-twenty hours a description of the stolen jewels was circulated throughout Europe.

"It was, to say the least of it, very strange that an experienced business man and shrewd collector like Mr. Vanderdellen should have purchased such priceless gems without making some inquiries as to their history, more especially as they must have been offered to him in a more or less 'hole in the corner' way.

"Still, Mrs. Vanderdellen stuck to her guns, and refused to give up the jewels pending certain inquiries she wished to make. She declared that she wished to be sued for the diamonds in open Court, charged with wilfully detaining stolen goods if necessary, for the more publicity was given to the whole affair the better she would like it, so firmly did she believe in her husband's innocence.

"The matter was indeed brought to the High Courts, and the sensational action brought against Mrs. Vanderdellen by the representative of His Majesty the King of 'Bohemia' for the recovery of the Black Diamonds is, no doubt, still fresh in your memory.

"No one was allowed to know what witnesses Mrs. Vanderdellen would bring forward in her defence. She had engaged the services of Sir Arthur Inglewood, and of some of the most eminent counsel at the bar. The Court was packed with the most fashionable crowd ever seen inside the Law Courts; and both days that the action lasted Mrs. Vanderdellen appeared in exquisite gowns and ideal hats.

"The evidence for the Royal plaintiff was simple enough. It all went to prove that the very day after the burglary not a jeweller, pawnbroker, or diamond merchant throughout the whole of Europe could have failed to know that a unique parure of black diamonds had been stolen, and would probably be offered for sale. The black diamonds in themselves, and out of their setting, were absolutely unique, and if the late Mr. Vanderdellen purchased them in Paris from some private individual, he must at least have very strongly suspected that they were stolen.

"Throughout the whole of that first day Mrs. Vanderdellen sat in Court, absolutely calm and placid. She listened to the evidence, made little notes, and chatted with two or three

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"'It would be tantamount,' she said, 'to admitting that my husband had come by them unlawfully.'"

American friends—elderly men—who were with her.

"Then came the turn of the defence.

"Everybody had expected something sensational, and listened more eagerly than ever as the name of Mr. Albert V. B. Sedley was called. He was a tall, elderly man, the regular angular type of the American, with his nasal twang and reposeful manner.

"His story was brief and simple. He was a great friend of the late Mr. Vanderdellen, and had gone on a European tour with him in the early spring of 1902. They were together in Vienna in the month of March, staying at the Hotel Imperial, when one day Vanderdellen came to his room with a remarkable story.

"'He told me,' continued Mr. Albert V. B. Sedley, 'that he had just purchased some very beautiful diamonds, which he meant to present to his wife on his return to New York. He would not tell me where he bought them, nor would he show them to me, but he spoke about the beauty and rarity of the stones, which were that rarest of all things, beautiful black diamonds.

"'As the whole story sounded to me a little bit queer and mysterious, I gave him a word of caution, but he was quite confident as to the integrity of the vendor of the jewels, since the latter had made a somewhat curious bargain. Vanderdellen was to have the diamonds in his keeping for three months without paying any money, merely giving a formal receipt for them; then if after three months he was quite satisfied with his bargain, and there had been no suspicion or rumour of any kind that the diamonds were stolen, then only was the money, £500,000, to be paid.

"'Vanderdellen thought this very fair and above board, and so it sounded to me. The only thing I didn't like about it all was that the vendor had given what I thought was a false name and no address; the money was to be paid over to him in French notes when

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the three months had expired, at an hotel in Paris where Vanderdellen would be staying at the time and where he would call for it.

"'I heard nothing more about the mysterious diamonds and their still more mysterious vendor,' continued Mr. Sedley, amidst intense excitement, 'for Vanderdellen and I soon parted company after that, he going one way and I another. But at the beginning of July I met him in Paris, and on the 4th I dined with him at the Elysee Palace Hotel, where he was staying.

"'Mr. Cornelius R. Shee was there too, and Vanderdellen related to him during dinner the history of his mysterious purchase of the Black Diamonds, adding that the vendor had called upon him that very day as arranged, and that he (Vanderdellen) had had no hesitation in handing him over the agreed price of £500,000, which he thought a very low one. Both Mr. Shee and I agreed that the whole thing must have been clear and above board, for jewels of such fabulous value could not have been stolen since last spring without the hue and cry being in every paper in Europe.

"'It is my opinion, therefore,' said Mr. Albert V. B. Sedley, at the conclusion of this remarkable evidence, 'that Mr. Vanderdellen bought those diamonds in perfect good faith. He would never have wittingly subjected his wife to the indignity of being seen in public with stolen jewels round her neck. If after July 5th he did happen to hear that a parure of black diamonds had been stolen in England at the date, he could not possibly think that there could be the slightest connection between these and those he had purchased more than three months ago.'

"And, amidst indescribable excitement, Mr. Albert V. B. Sedley stepped back into his place.

"That he had spoken the truth from beginning to end no one could doubt for a single moment. His own social position, wealth, and important commercial reputation placed him above any suspicion of committing perjury even for the sake of a dead friend. Moreover, the story told by Vanderdellen at the dinner in Paris was corroborated by Mr. Cornelius R. Shee in every point.

"But there! a dead man's words are *not* evidence in a court of law. Unfortunately, Mr. Vanderdellen had not shown the diamonds to his friends at the time. He had certainly drawn enormous sums of money from his bank about the end of June and beginning of July, amounting in all to just over a million sterling; and there was nothing to prove which special day he had paid away a sum of £500,000, whether *before* or *after* the burglary at Eton Chase.

"He had made extensive purchases in Paris of pictures, furniture, and other works of art, all of priceless value, for the decoration of his new palace in Fifth Avenue, and no diary of private expenditure was produced in Court. Mrs. Vanderdellen herself had said that after her husband's death, as all his affairs were in perfect order, she had destroyed his personal and private diaries.

"Thus the counsel for the plaintiff was able to demolish the whole edifice of the defence bit by bit, for it rested on but very ephemeral foundations: a story related by a dead man.

"Judgment was entered for the plaintiff, although everyone's sympathy, including that of judge and of jury, was entirely for the defendant, who had so nobly determined to vindicate her husband's reputation.

"But Mrs. Vanderdellen proved to the last that she was no ordinary every-day woman. She had kept one final sensation up her sleeve. Two days after she had legally been made to give up the Black Diamonds, she offered to purchase them back for £500,000. Her bid was accepted, and during last autumn, on the occasion of the last Royal visit to London and the consequent grand society functions, no one was more admired, more *feted* and envied, than beautiful Mrs. Vanderdellen as she entered a drawing-room exquisitely gowned, and adorned with the parure, of which an empress might have been proud."

(*At this point you should attempt to solve the mystery for yourselves.*)

The man in the corner had paused, and was idly tapping his fingers on the marble-topped table of the A.B.C. shop.

"It was a curious story, wasn't it?" said the funny creature after a while. "More like a romance than a reality."

"It is absolutely bewildering," I said.

"What is your theory?" he asked.

"What about?" I retorted.

"Well, there are so many points, aren't there, of which only one is quite clear, namely, that the parure of black diamonds disappeared from Eton Chase, Chislehurst, on July 5th, 1902, and that the next time they were seen they were on the neck and head of Mrs. Vanderdellen, the widow of one of the richest men of modern times, whilst the story of how her husband came by them was to all intents and purposes *legally* disbelieved."

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"Then," I argued, "the only logical conclusion to arrive at in all this is that the Black Diamonds owned by His Majesty the King of 'Bohemia' were not unique, and that Mr. Vanderdellen bought some duplicate ones."

"If you knew anything about diamonds," he said irritably, "you would also know that your statement is an absurdity. There are no such things as 'duplicate' diamonds."

"Then what *is* the only logical conclusion to arrive at?" I retorted, for he had given up playing with the photos and was twisting and twining that bit of string as if his brain was contained inside it and he feared it might escape.

"Well, to me," he said, "the only logical conclusion of the affair is that the Black Diamonds which Mrs. Vanderdellen wore were the only and original ones belonging to the Crown of 'Bohemia.'"

"Then you think that a man in Mr. Vanderdellen's position would have been fool enough to buy gems worth £500,000 at the very moment when there was a hue and cry for them all over Europe?"

"No, I don't," he replied quietly.

"But then . . . " I began.

"No?" he repeated once again, as his long fingers completed knot number one in that eternal piece of string. "The Black Diamonds which Mrs. Vanderdellen wore were bought by her husband in all good faith from the mysterious vendor in Vienna, in March, 1902."

"Impossible," I retorted. "Her Majesty the Queen of 'Bohemia' wore them regularly during the months of May and June, and they were stolen from Eton Chase on July the 5th."

"Her Majesty the Queen of 'Bohemia' wore *a* parure of Black Diamonds during those months, and those certainly were stolen on July the 5th," he said excitedly; "but what was there to prove that *those* were the genuine stones?"

"Why! . . . " I ejaculated.

"Point number two," he said, jumping about like a monkey on a stick; "although Mr. Wilson was acknowledged to be innocent of the theft of the diamonds, isn't it strange that no one has ever been proved guilty of it?"

"But I don't understand . . . "

"Yet it is simple as daylight. I maintain that His Majesty the King of 'Bohemia' being short, very short, of money, decided to sell the celebrated Black Diamonds; to avoid all risks the stones are taken out of their settings, and a trusted and secret emissary is then deputed to find a possible purchaser; his choice falls on the multi-millionaire Vanderdellen, who is travelling in Europe, is a noted collector of rare jewellery, and has a beautiful young wife—three attributes, you see, which make him a very likely purchaser.

"The emissary then seeks him out, and offers him the diamonds for sale. Mr. Vanderdellen at first hesitates, wondering how such valuable gems had come in the vendor's possession, but the bargain suggested by the latter—the three months during which the gems are to be held on trust by the purchaser—seems so fair and above board, that Mr. Vanderdellen's objections fall to the ground; he accepts the bargain, and three months later completes the purchase."

"But I don't understand," I repeated again, more bewildered than before. "You say the King of 'Bohemia' sold the loose gems originally to Mr. Vanderdellen; then, what about the parure worn by the Queen and offered for sale to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson? What about the theft at Eton Chase?"

"Point number three," he shrieked excitedly, as another series of complicated knots went to join its fellows. "I told you that the King of 'Bohemia' was *very* short of money, every one knows *that*. He sells the Black Diamonds to Mr. Vanderdellen, but before he does it, he causes duplicates of them to be made, but this time in exquisite, beautiful, perfect Parisian imitation, and has these mounted into the original settings by some trusted man who you may be sure was well paid to hold his tongue. Then it is given out that the parure is for sale; a purchaser is found, and a few days later the false diamonds are stolen."

"By whom?"

"By the King of 'Bohemia's' valued and trusted friend, who has helped in the little piece of villainy throughout; it is he who drops a rope ladder through Her Majesty's bedroom window on to the terrace below, and then hands the imitation parure to his Royal master, who sees to its complete destruction and disappearance. Then there is a hue and cry for the *real* stones, and after a year or so they are found on the person of a lady, who is legally forced to give them up. And thus His Majesty the King of 'Bohemia' got one solid million for the Black Diamonds, instead of half that sum, for if Mrs. Vanderdellen had not repurchased the jewels, someone else would have done so."

And he was gone, leaving me to gaze at the pictures of three lovely women, and wondering if indeed it was the Royal lady herself who could best solve the mystery of who stole the Black Diamonds.

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THE GREAT ARMY OF PEACE

Photo Fratelli Coppo, Naples.

General Booth, the Founder and Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army.

"Her Majesty fully recognises the great and varied work so courageously undertaken by the Army on behalf of many of their unhappy fellow-creatures in different parts of her Empire."—QUEEN VICTORIA to GENERAL BOOTH.

An Intensely Interesting Article at this Time, in View of the Great Congress that the Salvation Army is now Holding in London.

BY COMMISSIONER A. M. NICOL.

(Editor-in-Chief of the Salvation Army.)

THE Salvation Army is one of the greatest religious paradoxes of the times. Its system of government belongs to another age, and yet the organisation suffers no unpopularity in consequence. In the United States, where one would suppose that it would find least favour, it is in danger of coming under the ban of "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you!"

Did not John Wanamaker, multi-millionaire, in welcoming General Booth to the shores of the land of liberty, remark in a vein of humour, "He is the only English general whom we will permit to invade our shores and conquer us"?

The grotesque of yesterday is the institution of to-day, and it is not stretching a point to say that there is just as distinct a place for the army drum in our streets as there is for the bells in our church steeples. At any rate, the hosts who follow the flag of the "Blood and Fire" are entitled to be regarded with respect and admiration for the undoubted good they accomplish.

But the paradox does not end with the system under which the Army is led and governed. There is no more emotional people under the sun. Its books, newspapers, hymnology, teaching, preaching, forms of public worship, and methods of propaganda, palpitate with the emotional. Its venerable leader is one of the ablest exponents of the gospel of emotion. He reasons that the majority of us are ruled more or less by our feelings; and that nations, as well as individuals, are swayed by impulse rather than by conviction. So the Army is not ashamed—nay, it glories in the position which it maintains in this respect, whether among the rich of America, the kraals of South Africa, the huts of India, or the slums of Western cities. Everywhere it strives to stir up the emotions.

Two of our favourite verses, which have done more than any others to bring home the "black sheep," are—

> There is a fountain filled with blood,
> Drawn from my Saviour's veins;
> And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
> Lose all their guilty stains.
>
> He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
> He sets the prisoner free;
> His blood can make the foulest clean,
> His blood availed for me.

In these two verses we have the pith of the Army's theology and the fulcrum, so far as its teaching is concerned, by which it uplifts the degraded, and turns them into temperate, law-abiding, and industrious citizens.

It is, indeed, a suggestive study how this Army, with its vast organisation, its regulations, discipline and energy, mainly relies upon appeals to the emotional, to the tender side of human nature, and succeeds.

The paradox becomes more apparent, however, when one observes the Army

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Captain at work with his convert. Suppose the convert is a "won't-work"—at once the most despicable and hopeless type that comes within the Army's influence.

What is to be done with a man who philosophises, "I eats well, and sleeps well, but when I sees a bit of work it makes me feel all of a tremble?" There is common sense in the Captain's prescription for such a problem.

"My man," he says, "I am very sorry for you. Here's a bath—*free;* and while you take it I will take the liberty of passing your wardrobe through our crematorium, a piece of machinery eminently adapted for the purpose of making life at least a little more comfortable to you."

"Object to the lukewarm water? Indeed! Then, lover of liberty, there is still ample elbow-room in the streets!"

Thinking twice upon the alternative, Mr. "Won't-Work" jumps into his bath. But alas! there are those horrid chunks of wood to be cut up for firewood, or that mass of paper to be sorted.

"Work!" he exclaims in effect, "it is a remnant of a barbaric age, and I will not submit to a system which is primeval in its despotism." But the Captain has had Mr. "Won't-Work" through his hands before. His equanimity does not desert him.

"Won't work?" he exclaims, "why it is the noblest institution on earth, sir, sacred as God Himself. There has been a serious defect in your education. Here is your work, friend, an hour's hard work, and when completed, your breakfast. Leave your work untouched or unfinished, and there will be no breakfast for you." And thus we have the officer, who, on the platform a few minutes before, was appealing to the softest spots in the humanity of the submerged, applying with humour and skill, the unpalatable but essential truth that lies at the very foundation of success, namely, that if the "won't-works" won't work, then they ought not to eat.

See again, our evangels of mercy in their poke bonnets, threading their way into the labyrinth of West-end vice, or the purlieus of Lambeth, and searching for the human jewels, which to them are more precious than the diamonds of a coronet—and you have an exhibition in the finest form of the same doctrine, the power of a people whose medicine is sympathy.

And when the wanderer—poor erring woman—turns her back upon her haunts and enters into the pure atmosphere of an Army

Scene in Mashonaland. One of the women-officers of the Salvation Army Mission-house teaching natives how to sew.

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A mixed class of African natives endeavouring to master the mysteries of the alphabet under the guidance of an English captain.

Home, another hand is extended to her—that of industry. It is one of the Army's proudest achievements, that since the institution of the Women's Social Work for dealing with the common sinner, no fewer than 38,000 have been rescued, sixty-five per cent. of whom are known, as far as it is possible to verify reports, to be living lives the reverse, at least, of what they were before the Army crossed their path.

But what is the organisation of this paradox of an army—this Army that relies on preaching as a weapon, that strives to stir up people's emotions, to uplift the fallen? No longer is it an experiment in the religious and social lives of the people; it is an established fact.

The seed of all the branches of the organisation is the Army's corps, or church life. Here, in miniature, are seen all the principles of doctrine, government, and philanthropy, which have assumed many forms in other directions.

Two dusky soldiers from Ceylon.

The military principle that governs all the work of the Army is seen to special advantage in the corps. The chief officer of a corps is called captain. The work of the corps is divided into three branches — evangelistic meetings, in and out of doors, where all the paraphernalia of banner, music, and uniform is in evidence; brigade work, of a voluntary character, by which the sick and poor are visited and helped, and visits are paid to public-houses and lodgings; and children's work, of an educational, religious, and recreative character.

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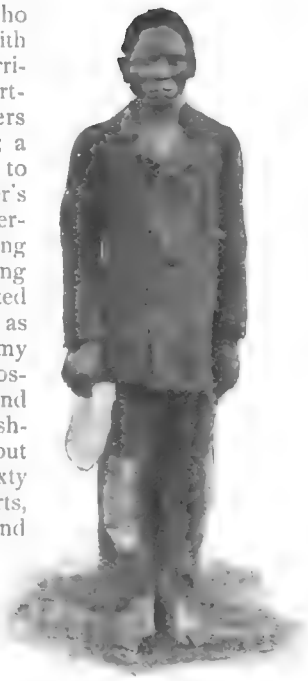
An Australian aboriginal, who was converted by the Salvation Army. He now spends most of his time preaching to his fellow natives.

In the corps of the Army is raised a large proportion of the funds for international work, and in the corps all officers are made. Corps are grouped into divisions, under command of a divisional officer; and divisions, from four to six, are grouped into provinces, with leading officers in command, possessed of great powers, but all working under an elaborate set of regulations. Finally, a number of provinces form a territory, commanded by officers of high rank. Many departments are represented at the centre of a territory, such as training departments, finance, newspaper work, intelligence, and property.

At the international headquarters in London are still larger departments; there is a chancellor of imperial finance, in charge of the Army's entire accounts; a foreign office, with a staff of secretaries, who are in touch with all the foreign territories; a legal department, where matters of law are settled; a banking company, to care for the soldier's money; an international training home, where young people are educated for their life-work as soldiers in the Army of Salvation; a prosperous printing and publishing establishment, sending out more than sixty periodicals of all sorts, besides books and pamphlets; and an assurance society, whose annual premium income is nearly £300,000.

The work at the headquarters is controlled and organised by the Chief-of-the-staff, the eldest son of General Booth, Mr. William Bramwell Booth.

At the head of the whole Army is General Booth, who visits all lands where his good



Myeri, the first convert and native Salvationist of Mashonaland.

The Salvation Army has met with great success in Japan. Here is a group of enthusiastic Jap converts.

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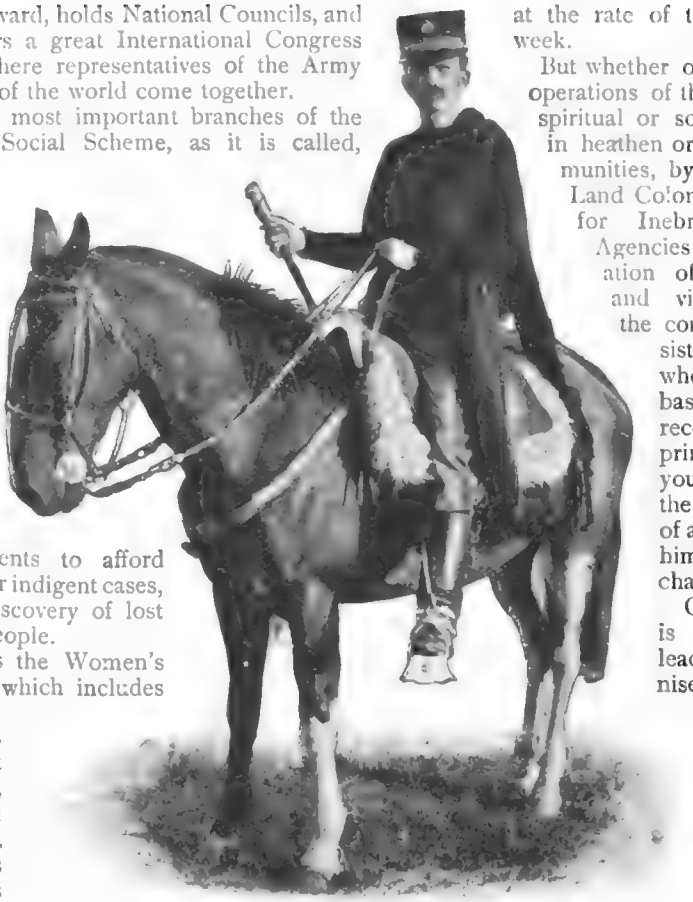
work goes forward, holds National Councils, and every ten years a great International Congress in London, where representatives of the Army from all parts of the world come together.

One of the most important branches of the Army is the Social Scheme, as it is called, which is divided into three branches. First, is the Men's, which includes Shelters for the Homeless and Destitute, Factories and Workshops, Homes for Inebriates, Stations for Ex-convicts, and Departments to afford special relief for indigent cases, and for the discovery of lost and missing people.

Then comes the Women's Social Work, which includes Slum Corps, whose work lies in the worst parts of towns, Receiving and Rescue Homes, where all sorts and conditions of people are gathered under the Army's wing, Midnight Brigades, Shelters, Factories, Children's Homes, Nursing and Convalescent Agencies, Maternity and other Hospitals, Inebriate Homes—and other efforts, almost innumerable, for uplifting degraded sisterhood.



Salvation Army outrider in South America. The photograph is of an officer in full uniform as he appears at the head of his brigade.

Then there is the great over-sea work, carried on in fifty different countries and colonies; and there are Land and Industrial Colonies. The Parent-Land Colony was formed by General Booth, twelve years ago, near Southend, and has become a complete success. All branches of farming and market gardening, and other industries, are carried on to give work to the unemployed. In all, thirteen colonies of this kind have been established.

The over-sea section of the social scheme is not yet complete, but a big Emigration Department is at work, at present sending out deserving families to Canada and other parts, at the rate of two hundred a week.

But whether one studies the operations of the Army in its spiritual or social branches, in heathen or civilised communities, by means of its Land Colonies, or Homes for Inebriates, or its Agencies for the reformation of the destitute and vicious classes, the conviction is irresistible that the whole concern is based upon a sane recognition of this principle—before you can change the circumstance of a man, the man himself must be changed.

General Booth is too astute a leader not to recognise that change of environment may contribute to change of character; but it must not be supposed that he attaches primary importance to this.

Colonel Lamb, the late Governor of one of the Land Colonies, explains the point thus:—"It takes us months before we get at a man. We may take him from some low-roofed, polluted room in Whitechapel, and place him upon our broad acres here, destroy his inertia and resuscitate the desire to fight like an honest man, the battle of life; but if we do not get at his vice, at that weakness of character, which, as a rule, is the *cause* of 90 per cent. of the submerged life, we fail."

Human inducements entice him to remain in the Colony, and kindness, with a healthy discipline, does not go without its moralising effect, but before the offer of a new start in life, before the certainty of work, is the necessity of the man himself, the whole man, undergoing a radical reformation. And as our efforts—whether by spade or Bible, or in meetings or library, concert or playground—

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are all concentrated upon the one supreme end, the moral salvation of the man by the exercise of his own volition and by the mercy of the Lord.

To understand the Salvation Army and appreciate the significance of the great Congress now assembling in London, we have to understand its religion.

Asked the question as to what he believed was his greatest power in shaping the organisation with which his name will be inseparably connected, General Booth replied, "Preaching."

A momentary attention to the average Salvation speaker in the streets or parks might not convey the impression that the Army relies very greatly upon this old-fashioned weapon. And yet, perhaps, the most strenuous hours of Mr. Bramwell Booth's life are spent in perfecting the training for officers in this respect.

No fewer than six hundred cadets are at present being schooled at the great International Training Home at Clapton, in the principles of preaching to the varied classes who come within the influence of the Army; the sick and bed-ridden; the loafers in low drinking dens, gambling clubs, and public-houses; inmates of shelters and metropoles; brigades for ex-convicts, and the masses generally.

Everyone is trained. No one receives a commission until he or, in this Army, *she* has passed a careful examination.

In the homes referred to, the cadets undergo a ten months' training in the theory and practice of salvation warfare. They study their doctrines by day and preach them at night. They master the regulations of the quasi-military government on paper, and then reduce them to practice in the corps to which they are attached in the field. There are other means, such as lectures, examinations, and the discharge of specific duties for the benefit of the people.

The tireless energy of the Army's commander-in-chief accounts for much of the zeal with which the movement is carried on. The question is raised from time to time as to whether, when the Army is deprived of its illustrious leader, it will realise the hopes which are at present entertained by its friends.

Staff-Captain Yamamuro. One of the leaders of the Japanese Salvationists.

General Booth has already bequeathed to his successors the greatest proof of his commanding influence by the large number of able men and women who direct his forces in all parts of the world. The leader has made leaders. His spirit has been contagious, until the whole Army is impregnated with what Miss Beetham-Edwards, the well-known authoress, described as "the indisputable quality of earnestness—freedom from sham."

"For my part," she said, "I adore the poke bonnet and scarlet jersey. I have heard Liszt improvise divinely, Sims Reeves sing in his apogee, the Garde Republicaine, and the finest orchestral, concerted and individual performances of our time. But no music ravishes my ear as that of the Salvation Army. Those hearty strains, vocal and instrumental, heard

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every Sunday never fail to stir my pulse with purest rapture; for do they not remind me of our hardly-acquired religious liberty?"

And something has come out of this zeal and enthusiasm. Take an illustration of Smithkins, a poor "unfortunate." He was a married man with a large family, and a decent home, lost his situation, could not afford his rent, moved into two rooms, and pawned the furniture to provide food while he hunted for work. Soon Smithkins reached his last penny, and had the humiliation of accompanying his wife and children to the workhouse; an able-bodied pauper, but willing and anxious to work.

At his urgent petition, the Guardians gave him two weeks to seek employment, and for fourteen hopeless days he trampled the streets looking for honest labour; for fourteen wretched nights he crouched on the Embankment from midnight to day-break—in vain.

Utterly dispirited, he returned to the union to find further misfortune. One of his children had died, the mother blaming the Workhouse treatment, and cursing the Poor Law.

The husband once more pleaded for two weeks to look for work, and went through the whole dreary round again, with no better result. At three o'clock on Sunday morning, however, a friendly hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a cheery invitation given him to a free breakfast at one of our London shelters. Go? *Of course*, Smithkins went, and in the homely meeting that followed he saw himself in a new and startling light—the light that never fails. After that day in the shelter he went to Whitechapel Labour Bureau, was promised work, and returned to the union to ask for three weeks longer, to enable the Army to get him not only temporary work, but permanent employment.

The reply was discouraging, but Smithkins stuck to his point and won his case.

He took his wife one day to the social headquarters, and asked that she might be led, as he was led, into the light, and brought to sign the pledge. He was at work when his three weeks expired; but, fearful of losing his work by absenting himself for a day, he neglected to report himself, and was hauled before a magistrate.

This time he had a friend at his elbow, a Social Officer, who told the magistrate the whole story. With words of commendation for our work he dismissed the case, and gave Smithkins four weeks in which to provide a home. With a little help this was done, the wife and family were brought from the workhouse, and Smithkins has now a happy home, and permanent employment.

A group of English, Boer, and Zulu Salvation Army Officers.

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MR. MILLBANK'S DOUBLE.

How the Forgery of a Will was Brought about by the Remarkable Likeness between Two Men.

By Henry H. Hering.

We were as alike as two peas.

My name is Harold Harvey. I am an unsuccessful business man. My life for many years has been painfully monotonous, but a recent incident of a few hours' duration has furnished me with enough excitement to last for the remainder of my days. The trouble arose in the first instance from my looks, for which I certainly am not responsible; in the second from—but perhaps I had better start at the beginning.

About twelve months ago I one day entered an omnibus near the Law Courts. Opposite Charing Cross station two individuals got in and seated themselves on the opposite seat. One of them stared very hard at me, and I stared very hard at him. I rubbed my eyes involuntarily, and he did the same. We were as alike as two peas. Had I not seen flesh and blood enter I should have thought I was gazing into a mirror. Our eyes met, and we could not help smiling.

"I think we ought to know each other," said my *vis-à-vis* pleasantly. "My name is Millbank—Edward Millbank."

"And mine is Harold Harvey," I replied with equal good humour.

His companion, a sharp, professional-looking man, who had looked at me with as much interest as the other, and who had listened attentively to our short conversation, now broke in with "Here we are!"

"I'm sorry our interview has been so short, Mr. Harvey," said Mr. Millbank, standing up. "I hope our next will be longer. Good-day to you." And they both got out. The whole incident had not occupied five minutes.

So that was Edward Millbank, the millionaire, and my resemblance to him explained why from time to time some prosperous-looking individual whom I had never seen before would nod me a cheery greeting. It had often puzzled me, and now I knew the reason. What an absurd thing that Providence, while endowing us with practically identical bodies, had been so one-sided in adjusting our respective bank accounts.

Some months later, on entering a Metropolitan train one Saturday, a young man in a corner seat changed his casual glance at me into a most interested stare. Our eyes met as I took a seat, and from time to time I found him intently watching me. Evidently feeling that an explanation was necessary, he leaned forward.

"You must forgive me, sir," he commenced apologetically, "but your likeness to a relation of mine is so striking that at first I mistook you for him. Had I not known that he is abroad I should have thought that you were he."

"You mean Mr. Millbank?"

He nodded.

I certainly should not have guessed the relationship. He did not at all look like a millionaire's nephew, a millionaire, moreover,

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Fifteen times was I stopped.

who had no children of his own. Then I remembered that the terms of Mr. Millbank's will were public property. He had left the whole of his immense wealth to the State to go towards the liquidation of the National Debt.

I got out at Westminster Bridge, and the young man did the same. I felt he was following me, so was hardly surprised when he joined me.

"You must forgive my abruptness, sir," he said, "but your most extraordinary likeness to my uncle has made me take to you amazingly."

"I am very much flattered," I replied; "but as you have no marked resemblance to any popular member of my own family I do not feel able to return the affection."

"I think you might grow to care for me," said the young man earnestly. "I'm n. body's enemy but my own, and I have many accomplishments. I can play the zither, and my imitation of the skylark is something remarkable. Just listen," and Mr. Millbank's nephew inflated his cheeks.

"For heaven's sake, don't do it here!" I cried. "I live in this street, and don't wish to be made ridiculous. Some other day we may meet in the country, and I'll listen to you then. Good afternoon."

We had reached my apartments. I opened the door and then closed it in the young man's face. It was rude, perhaps, but there seemed to be no other way of getting rid of him.

But I was not destined to see the last of him then. On the following Tuesday night the maid-of-all-work announced, "Mr. Bryden," and in walked the millionaire's nephew.

The only emotion I showed was astonishment, but he was not at all disconcerted by the coolness of my reception.

"I've come to see when you'd care to spend a day in the country," he said gaily. "Don't you remember the engagement you made last Saturday?"

"Now, look here, Mr.—er—Bryden," I replied, "I don't know why you are forcing yourself upon me. Perhaps you will explain."

Mr. Millbank's nephew was plainly disappointed.

"I hope I haven't offended you, Mr. Harvey," he said. "I assure you my liking for you is simply the result of your extraordinary resemblance to my uncle. All I ask is to be allowed to call on you occasionally. If you are fond of music I'll bring my zither, and I really would like you to hear me imitate the skylark."

There was so much sincerity in his tones that I didn't like to turn him out. Moreover, I was musical. So I told him to sit down, and he entertained me so much with his talk that I was really sorry when he went. Two evenings afterwards he brought his zither to cement our friendship, and on the Sunday we went into the country, where Bryden did his "skylark" admirably.

Our intimacy increased apace. One night I happened to tell him of the attention I excited when I went in certain directions, and at our next meeting he asked me if I would mind his accompanying me to these quarters. So, attired in our best, one afternoon we went for a stroll. It was like a royal procession, four clergymen, twenty-one other male pedestrians, and ten ladies saluted me. Fifteen times was I stopped. I denied my identity with Mr. Millbank the first time, but was met with a look of such pained disbelief that I had not the courage to do so again.

Altogether we had a very exciting walk. We went out once again; but when I found that Bryden was getting credit for some

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clothes at a Regent Street tailor's on the strength of my waiting outside for him, I told him I could do no more in that direction, and a coolness resulted.

It was one evening in September that I saw him next. My landlady had gone to pay a visit of a few days to a relative in Chelsea, and I was alone in the house.

There was a tap at the window—Bryden's signal. I opened the door to him. He was strangely excited.

"Harvey," he said, as soon as he was in my sitting-room, "my uncle, Edward Millbank died to-night—an hour ago!"

"I'm sorry to hear the news It will be a bad job for you if what we know of his will is correct."

"A very bad job. So much so that if you do not help me I shall be in the workhouse in a month. I have nothing in the world but the miserable pittance he allows me, which he said would stop with his life."

"But how can I help you? You know I can barely pay my own way."

"I don't mean that sort of help," said Bryden. Then he drew his chair nearer to mine and lowered his voice. "Dr. Cheedle saw him this afternoon and said there was no immediate danger. Nobody knows that he is dead but Vane, his personal doctor, who lives in the house, his valet, Claxton, and myself."

"But what of that? The whole world will know of it to-morrow."

"Before then he must have made another will."

"I am afraid I don't understand you," I answered. "You say that Mr. Millbank is dead."

Bryden laid his hand upon my arm and looked at me with a strange, nervous expression on his face.

"Yes, uncle is dead, but you are not," he said meaningly.

In a moment it all flashed upon me. He wanted me to impersonate his uncle.

"You wish me to commit forgery?" I gasped.

"I'll make it worth your while."

"How?"

"By the will you must make to-night in uncle's bed you leave me two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Vane and Claxton will be paid for their assistance, and you shall have fifty thousand pounds for your share of the trouble."

Fifty thousand pounds! My brain reeled at the thought. To be independent—nay, to be rich; and all by a few strokes of the pen. But——

Bryden watched me keenly.

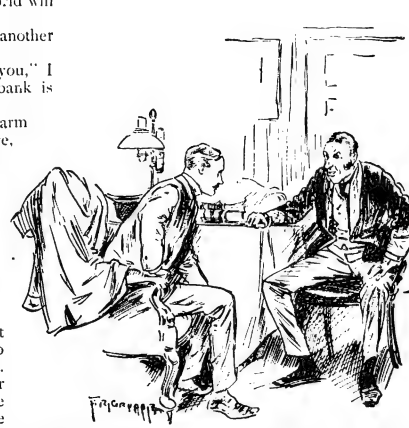
"There's no time to be lost," he said. "We have put uncle in the dressing-room. You must return with me at once. Claxton has the coast clear. The moment you are there we shall send for Greyson—uncle's regular lawyer—and you will have to dictate a fresh will to him. You will have to sign your name, of course; but any sort of a scrawl will do as you are so ill. I've brought you a few of his signatures, which you had better copy, so that you may get somewhere near them. You won't have much to do, and you'll be paid fifty thousand for doing it."

"But it's forgery," I expostulated.

"It's something like it," Bryden admitted, "but you don't attempt to copy his signature exactly. A smart counsel might get you off on that ground if it came to a trial, but I don't see how it could. We are going to square Greyson," he added triumphantly.

"Square Greyson!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, old man, that's a master-stroke, and it is you who must do it. You must lead up to it touchingly. Tell him you always intended to remember him, and put him down for five thousand. See how he takes it. Double it if you don't think five enough,



Then he drew his chair nearer to mine and lowered his voice.

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or if he doesn't. We can afford to be liberal at times like these. That will clinch the matter. Even if he smells a rat he'll never upset the will after that. Here are the autographs. Just try your hand at a few copies."

I made a dozen attempts, and arrived at a very passable imitation, which satisfied Bryden.

"Come along now," he said eagerly, "we'll get a cab as soon as we are a safe distance away."

"But I haven't agreed," I expostulated.

"Come on, you ass!" said Bryden. "It isn't the time for agreeing. It's acting we want now."

And I went.

At last we reached the house. A solemn and highly respectable-looking individual at once appeared in the doorway.

"Claxton," explained Bryden.

We followed him upstairs without a word, and without meeting a soul. Finally we reached the bedroom—a large apartment with a four-poster bedstead. There was a door at the far side—the dressing-room, I reflected.

A sandy-bearded man jumped up as we entered.

"Dr. Vane," said Bryden, while Claxton took up a position with his back to the fire.

We bowed, and shook hands.

"It is, indeed, a remarkable resemblance," said he. "Now, Claxton, you must send for Mr. Greyson at once. Send Collins to his house, and the wire to his club. Mr. Harvey, I must trouble you to change. Bryden, you'd better go altogether."

I must confess the Doctor's authoritative and businesslike methods gave me confidence. I followed his instructions, and in ten minutes I was clad in Mr. Millbank's nightshirt, and in his bed. Then Dr. Vane powdered my face, and rubbed it in to produce the melancholy effect desirable.

"There," he said, when he had done, "if you are not Mr. Millbank, I don't know who you are. By-the-bye, I suppose Edward has primed you up about the Millbank family?"

"No, not particularly. He has mentioned various members of it from time to time."

"Confound him, then, for a fool! You ought to have the family tree at your finger ends. Listen to me. The late Mr. Millbank had three brothers, and five sisters—John, James, Rupert, Mary, Elizabeth——" and on he went. I didn't attempt to follow him after the first sentence. Finally, the door opened.

"Mr. Greyson, sir," whispered the discreet Claxton.

The Doctor held up a warning finger and advanced to meet him.

"Mr. Millbank wished to see you, Mr. Greyson," I heard him say. Then, in reply to a question: "I hope not. Still, I thought it better to send for you, even at this late hour, as Mr. Millbank has asked for you several times."

"Quite right. Is he awake now?"

The Doctor came over to the bedside and leaned over me.

"Mr. Greyson is here, sir," he said.

I nodded feebly and stretched out my hand. I felt a gentle pressure and opened my eyes. So that was Greyson. The face seemed familiar, yet I couldn't say where I had seen it before.

"Perhaps Mr. Millbank would rather we were alone, Doctor," said Mr. Greyson.

"Now, sir," said the lawyer, when the door had closed behind Vane.

"I'm rather bothered about my nephew, Edward Bryden," I said, in a whisper scarcely more than audible. "He's Mary's son, after all!"

"Elizabeth's," corrected Greyson.

"Elizabeth's. Did I say Mary? I can't concentrate my thoughts, Greyson, somehow. Yes, Edward is Elizabeth's boy, as you say, and I don't want to leave him penniless. The Chancellor won't miss it, you know."

"The Chancellor?" queried Greyson.

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer."

"Oh, the Chancellor of the Exchequer! He won't miss it, as you say. How much did you think of leaving to your nephew?"

"What do you say to two hundred and fifty thousand pounds?"

"Ah!" said Greyson. Then, after a pause: "Do you wish me to prepare a codicil giving effect to your wishes?"

"I do; and I want it done at once. I wish it to be signed and witnessed now."

Greyson hunted round for writing material, which Vane had taken care should be at hand. In a very few minutes he had drafted a codicil embodying my wishes.

"That's right, Greyson," I said, when he had read it over to me. "And now I want you to add something more. I'm not going to forget you."

Greyson started. He evidently had not expected this.

"I'd much rather you did not leave me anything, sir," he said. "It would be somewhat irregular under the circumstances, and might look like undue influence."

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"Nonsense, man!" I said. "You shall read it over to the witnesses—Vane and Claxton will do—and I'll tell them I wanted it. You may put yourself down for five thousand pounds."

Greyson hesitated. Then he turned to the bed, and, leaning over me, said:

"Make it ten!"

The coolness of the man staggered me. There was never a word of thanks, only this audacious request. I looked into his face. It was unreadable.

"All right, Greyson," I answered, after a moment's pause. "You may put yourself down for ten thousand pounds. Then call Vane and Claxton—or anyone else as witnesses. Get it over quickly. I'm tired."

For a few minutes the lawyer scribbled away. Then he went to the door, called Vane, and explained matters.

He read the codicil out aloud. All I remember is that out of my love and affection for my nephew, Edward Bryden, I left him two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of the money that would otherwise have gone to diminish the National Debt; and, furthermore, that, in consideration for long and faithful services, I left George Greyson the sum of fifteen thousand pounds.

"Fifteen!" I couldn't help ejaculating.

"I think that was the figure you mentioned, sir," said Greyson firmly. "I can make it less if you wish it."

What an unprincipled scoundrel the man was! He evidently believed his client was too weak to demur at any suggestion on his part, and he was taking deliberate advantage of the situation. But I couldn't afford to annoy him by opposition.

"Fifteen thousand! Quite right," I promptly replied. "You hear, Vane? I wish to leave Mr. Greyson fifteen thousand pounds."

"I hear, sir," said Vane.

"Now, Mr. Millbank, will you please sign?" said Greyson, bringing me the document and a pen. I stretched out my hands feebly for them and affixed a scrawling signature to the codicil.

Claxton took up a position with his back to the fire.

"I'm afraid this wouldn't have done without witnesses," said Greyson, examining it critically. "Now, Doctor, your signature, please, and yours, Claxton."

While they signed, I sank back as if exhausted by the excitement. Vane came to my side and felt my pulse.

"It has been rather too much for my patient, Mr. Greyson," he said. "I don't think I would trouble him any further."

"No need, just now," said Greyson, buttoning up his coat. "Good night, Mr. Millbank. I hope you will feel easier for this night's work. Don't trouble, Doctor, Claxton will show me out."

"Well done!" said Vane, when the door had closed behind them. "Capital — capital! I didn't think you could have pulled it off so well! Dress yourself leisurely. I'll come for you when I think you might go." And he rubbed his hands gleefully.

For quite half an hour I remained there, basking in the thought that now I was rich beyond the wildest dreams of my later years.

Then I got up and dressed myself slowly, and as I did so my mind reverted to Greyson. Heavens! I had met Greyson before. I knew I had. He was with Mr. Millbank that day in the omnibus. Then perhaps he suspected who I was. Of course he did. The cool way in which he had raised my bequest from five to fifteen thousand pounds was his method of showing his power. He knew that he could make his own terms and he had made them. Ah! what was that? A noise in the dressing-room where *it* was? Nonsense! I was all nerves and imagination.

I was reaching down my coat from a hook in the curtained recess where Vane had placed it, when again I heard the noise. I glanced over my shoulder. The dressing-room door was slowly opening. I could have shrieked aloud, but horror paralysed my very being. I tried to move, to make a rush from the room, but I could not stir. Terror glued me to the floor—and the dressing-room door was still opening. What opened it was unseen.

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Then from the other side the form of Mr. Millbank appeared, deathly pale, clad in a nightshirt. I shrank instinctively from the ghastly sight, and by a supreme effort drew my feet into the recess, and let the curtain fall in front of me. Yet, horror-stricken as I was, I watched from out a corner.

It was Millbank returned from the dead—Millbank in flesh and blood! He seemed to be walking in his sleep, staring fixedly before him. He stopped in the middle of the room, and hesitated. The bed with the clothes turned down attracted his attention. He walked to it, got in, covered himself up, and shut his eyes.

Then the desperate nature of my position dawned upon me. Mr. Millbank was not dead, after all. I must get out of the house. I peered round the corner of the curtain. Mr. Millbank was evidently asleep. Dared I venture across the floor? I had got one leg out to make the attempt, when—what was that? Was I dreaming in some mad nightmare, or what? That was Bryden's skylark call, loud and distinct. Nonsense! Yes, there it was again. But what did it mean?

I listened intently, but other sounds now fell on my ears. Footsteps and voices. Then footsteps again, and the quick turn of the door handle, and in walked Greyson. Behind him were two others, one of whom advanced to the bed, and laid a heavy hand on Mr. Millbank's shoulder.

"Harold Harvey," he said, "I arrest you on a charge of forgery.

Mr. Millbank was wide awake now. He leaned on his arm and stared in amazement at the intruders.

"Get up, Harvey," said Greyson.

The millionaire seemed in a haze.

"Why do you call me by that absurd name? I am Edward Millbank," he said.

"We know who you are," replied Greyson, "so there's no need to play the fool. Get up. We've a cab waiting below."

"You must either be mad or drunk, Greyson—or both," said Mr. Millbank slowly.

"Don't be impertinent, Harvey," said Greyson, "or we shall pull you out."

"You touch me at your peril!" cried Millbank. "Claxton! Claxton!"

"Claxton has run away," said Greyson.

"Run away!" repeated Millbank, in astonishment. "Where's Vane?"

"He's in charge of a policeman below. Now, will you come quietly, or shall we make you?"

"I don't know what your motive is, George Greyson," said the millionaire sternly, "but if there's law in England, you shall suffer for this night's work."

"What a man you are!" said Greyson in genuine admiration. "I've had to do with many consummate scoundrels in my time, but never with one like you. But we can't stop here all night. Will you come quietly or not?"

"Since you seem to wish it particularly, I will," replied Mr. Millbank grimly, "for I don't feel well enough to struggle. Bring my clothes, please."

It was an awful moment. Greyson had already made a step in the direction of the recess in which I was concealed, when he caught sight of a wardrobe opposite. He changed his mind, walked to that, opened it, and found some clothes. In a quarter of an hour Mr. Millbank was dressed.

"Now, gentlemen, I'm quite ready to go with you," he said, clutching the side of the bed to steady himself, "if you still persist in this outrage."

"We do—very much so," replied Greyson.

Without another word the millionaire turned, and supported by Greyson and the detective, left the room. I watched the two cabs drive away, and then fled down the steps and into the street. When at length I reached my apartments, I let myself in, and went straight to bed, with a throbbing brow and an aching heart.

While I lay there trying to think what to do, there came a loud knocking at the front door. I let it continue for some time before I took any notice. Then I opened the window and looked out. There was an electric light immediately in front of the house. Its light fell on Greyson. Behind him was a policeman, and a cab was drawn up a few yards away.

"So you've managed to get back," the lawyer said, in tones that showed his bitter disappointment.

"What do you mean?" I asked. "I am always here at this time."

"We'll see how long you've been in to-night, anyway," said Greyson. "I wish to speak to your landlady."

"She's visiting her uncle at Chelsea," I replied, "and I'm quite alone in the house, but if you'll leave your name, I'll tell her you called."

"Then if she is out, perhaps your friend Bryden will be able to give us the information we require," said Greyson satirically, "if you don't open the door, we shall be obliged to use force."

"My dear sir," I replied, my spirits rising

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with the forlorness of their hope, "force is unnecessary. I enter my protest against your summary proceeding, but as soon as I can find my clothes I'll come down."

I let them in, and they searched every room, every corner, and cupboard in the place—of course, in vain.

"I told you she wasn't here," I said, when at last they gave up their fruitless search. "She said she was going to see her uncle Benjamin. I do hope she hasn't done anything very wrong. I always took her for a most respectable person."

If a glare could have killed me, I should have died upon the spot. Then the lawyer turned on his heels, and left the house. The policeman followed. They got into the cab, slammed the door, and drove away.

And now for the most surprising event in a sequence of surprises. Mr. Millbank had not left all his money to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He died the following February, leaving a will dated some years before, and a codicil signed the week after the events above described.

By the will Edward Bryden had a legacy of fifty thousand pounds bequeathed him, Dr. Vane ten thousand, and Claxton five thousand pounds.

By the codicil Edward's legacy was revoked, while the other fifteen thousand pounds was transferred to "George Greyson, as a token of esteem for faithful service on a certain evening in September."

Later on I heard the cause of Mr. Millbank's remarkable return from the dead. All his life it seems that he had been subject to cataleptic fits. Bryden was unaware of this, although when I spoke to him about it, he remarked that twenty years before his uncle had a severe sunstroke whilst travelling in India. Whether that had anything to do with these attacks of catalepsy I am not sufficiently versed in medical science to say.

Bryden also told me that a week after our adventure he had seen Doctor Cheedle and had had a long talk to him in confidence over his uncle's illness. Cheedle was perfectly familiar with Mr. Millbank's complaint and had attended him through several cataleptic fits. But the last one, he told Bryden, must have been by far the most deathlike that the millionaire had ever been stricken with. Added to this the rough treatment that Mr. Millbank suffered from the energetic action of Greyson brought on a severe illness from which he never really rallied.

It is evident that, little as I suspected it, I have the making of a criminal in me. Opportunity alone is required for its development. I can only hope that the recollection of the narrow escape I have had will keep me in the path of virtue should temptation again arise.

In walked Greyson. Behind him were two others.

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The Busy Bee

The Wonderful Story of the Little People of the Hive, as Told to Two Little People in Pink Pinafores upon a Summer's Day.

By Marcus Woodward.

1. The bee-keeper is here about to take the honey from a last year's swarm of bees. To do this he first puffs smoke into the skep from a fumigator. Thinking their home is on fire, the bees gorge themselves with honey, and, together with it and the smoke, become so intoxicated that they forget how to sting.

The quivering, midsummer hum filled the air as I lay at ease in my hammock in the garden, and lazily watched the busy bees on their ceaseless journeys to and from the flowers—the borage, the clover, the dahlias, the sweet peas and sweet mignonette. I had been reading works on bees, old and new treatises, Maeterlinck's bee-life, and journals of apiculture—and had turned with relief from the printed words to the real life buzzing around me. And so it was natural that when the two children who, in their pink pinafores, had been making the green lawn gay, laid siege to me, tumbled into my hammock, and made their inevitable demand, I should tell them this story:

2. They can then be handled in perfect safety.

Bees, in a way, are something like children—they hate to feel lonely. A bee will die of sheer loneliness if you take it away from its friends. It never does any work for itself, but works only for the sake of the hive. And bees love their work, they love the busy stir in their home, and above all they love their queen, who is the mother of them all, and hardly ever stirs out of the hive.

Fancy being the queen and the mother of the sixty thousand busy, buzzing bees who live in our hive at the bottom of the garden!

No queen is more lovingly tended by her subjects than the queen of the bees. They would do anything for her, but they can do nothing without her. Day and night she is surrounded by a ring of

3. The next procedure is to drive the bees into another skep. To do this the bee-keeper turns their store-room right over, and fastens an empty skep in a tilted position on the top of the other.

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4. He then fastens a cloth where the rims of the skeps meet, so as to form a bridge for the bees to walk over.

ladies-in-waiting, who always stand with their faces towards her, so that some of them must walk backwards whenever she moves. She is fed and she is washed, and nothing is ever allowed to disturb the one work that she is busy upon day and night—the work of laying eggs.

If anything *should* happen to her all the bees will nearly go off their heads in their sorrow, and if she should be lost, and her bees can't find her, all her unhappy children will soon die of distress.

If any accident happens to the hive the bees protect their queen and the young bees with their lives, and if there should be a famine they give her the last drop of food.

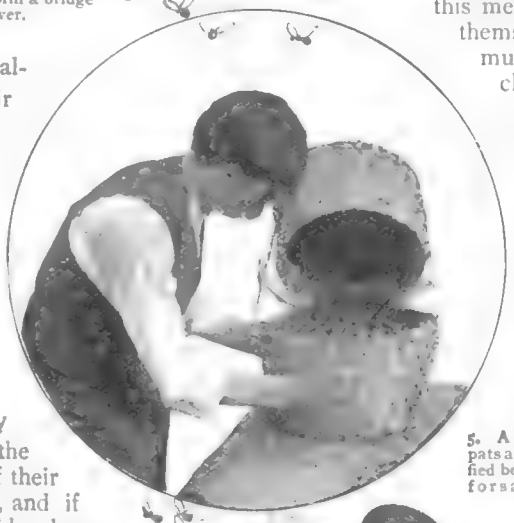
The sentinels who guard the door of the hive never allow a strange queen to come in when their mother is at home.

The queen herself is the busiest of all in the hive. But *she* never enjoys long days of sunshine spent among the flowers. It is her duty and her joy to keep on laying eggs without stopping in the darkness of the hive. She lives three or four years so that she may do this work properly, but the common bees who have been born in the spring only live to see a little of one bright summer, six or eight weeks perhaps. Those who are born late in the year live longer, for they have not to work day and night, but sleep through the winter.

It is all work and no play in the hive, till winter comes, and sleep falls on all. But on the first day of spring, which comes in February, sleep is thrown off, and work begins again—work, work, work, is the order, all day and all night.

The queen sets the example by beginning to lay eggs—and this means that all must bestir themselves. First of all there must be a thorough spring-cleaning of the hive, and all the passages must be swept, and all the poor bees who have died must be carried away.

Some of the bees are formed into a guard for the queen. Others begin to fan with their wings as fast as they can to keep the air moving. Others set to work to repair the old combs—they are the bee



5. A few smart pats and the terrified bees begin to forsake their home.

6 As they ascend the bee-keeper watches for the queen-bee, for without her presence in a hive the bees would not stay.

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7. The bees, having deserted their home, tear round and round the empty skep, buzzing furiously.

architects, builders, and carvers. Some begin to prepare food and drink—they are the bee chemists. All the bees have special duties, such as nursing baby-bees, or keeping the house clean; and always there are sentinels at the door of the hive, to see that only the proper bees come in and out, and to make sure that no mice, snails, moths, ants, or other foes enter to steal the honey.

And on bright fine days the foraging bees set out to visit all the flowers they can find near the hive—the wood anemones, the daffodils, and the violets—to gather the liquid in the flowers that they can turn into honey, the flower dust, called pollen, that is stored away to feed the baby bees on, and a curious sticky stuff, called propolis, taken from trees, that is used as cement in the hive.

When the days grow warmer, and summer begins, every bright morning thousands and thousands of foragers sally forth from the hive, one big troop to go to the clover fields, another troop to the mignonette beds, another to the lilac trees, and so on, each troop visiting one particular kind of flower.

The liquid in the flowers is carried away by the bees in little sacs inside their bodies, and the pollen in the little baskets attached to their hind legs—but hardly any of it is for their own use. A bee can find all the food it wants for itself in one or two flowers. Yet in an hour it visits two or, perhaps, three hundred flowers, so busily does it work for the sake of others.

8. But they are too full of honey to be more dangerous than house flies.

You can see how eager the bees are to get on with their work, as they fly in streams in and out of the hive, all through the summer days. If you watched a bee as it arrived at the hive, you would see it hurrying, without stopping to talk or play, to the little cell where the honey it has gathered

9. An empty up-to-date hive is prepared for their reception, and the bees will have to be driven into it. To commence with, the bee keeper lays a square of flannel before the entrance of the hive.

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must be stored; and then on it would go to empty out the stores from its leg baskets into other separate cells. Each load must be put away in its proper place; and then at once out it would fly again, to the sunshine and the flowers, to bring back another load.

If you kept a very careful watch on the busy working bees as they hurried about in the hive you would soon notice that their way was often blocked by larger bees than themselves, who never seem to have anything to do but to hinder the others. These larger bees are the grand gentlemen of the hive—drones they are called—and drones they are, for they never do a stroke of work for themselves, but simply live a lazy life of luxury.

In the hive that I am telling you about, there were quite four hundred of these grand gentlemen. They were very big and fine, and each one had thirteen thousand eyes on each side of his head, which seemed rather a shame considering that the poor workers only had six thousand. But then the drones had no stings. All day long they did nothing, but were fed by the working bees on the food that they had so carefully stored away. They slept in snug corners, sunned themselves at the hive's door, and perhaps now and then flew out to see how the world was looking, but never to do a stroke of work. They were always treated with respect, and were allowed to pass as they pleased into any hive they cared to visit.

10. All is now ready, so taking the skep with its thousands of little buzzing creatures inside, he tips it up, pats it once or twice smartly——

11. ——and the bees all tumble out in a brown mass on to the blanket.

12. A few guiding strokes with the fingers and they run into the hive like a flock of sheep, and soon they are all clustering on the artificial comb with which the bee-keeper fills the frames. Then at last the bees are left in peace.

A fine life, you may think, these gentlemen drones led; but wait until you hear what happened to them before the end of the story!

You must imagine, in this hive that I am telling you about, all the beautiful little waxen cells that filled the hive from top to bottom. If you could count them you would find a good many more than a hundred thousand. In the cells at the top of the hive, far from the

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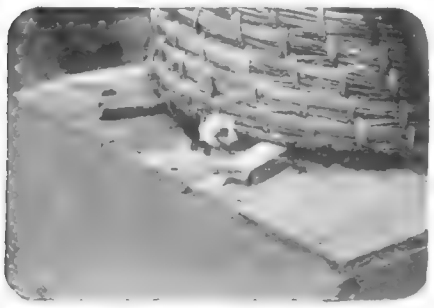
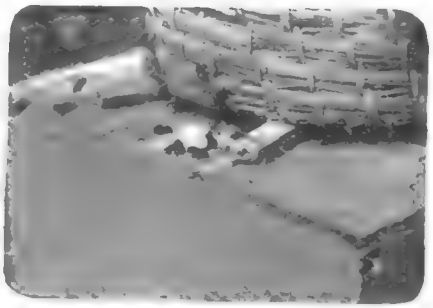
entrance, was stored the fragrant honey, the best of it in sealed-up cells, the rest in open ones; and here, too, were the stores of pollen on which young bees are fed.

The bees' nursery was in the centre and bottom chambers of the combs, and here



A carnation was placed inside this skep. Soon a few bees were told off to remove the obstacle, and in a very short time the head of the flower was protruding through the entrance.

were thousands of cells, some of them containing eggs, others holding the little grubs that come out from the eggs, and others the baby bees that come out from the grubs. Thousands of bee nurses were busy in the nursery, day and night, feeding the grubs and the babies.



Two minutes later the busy bees had dragged it fully three inches away from their home.

The most important part of the nursery—indeed, the most important place in the whole hive—was the spot where five wonderful cells had been built, larger than any of the other cells, looking something like acorns. In these special cells were the grubs of royal bees—beautiful princesses of the future, who might some day reign as queens themselves.

With hundreds of little bees coming into the world every day, it is quite easy to see that soon the hive would be too small to shelter all the bees. This is what happened in the hive that I am telling you about—the hive grew too small to hold all the bees, or rather the bees grew too many to live in the hive—and so nearly all the wise little bees went away to find a new home, so that the old home might be left to the rising generation.

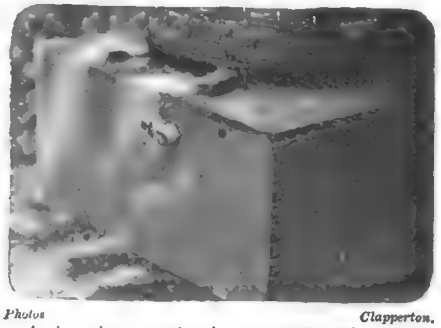
But, of course, it would never do to go away without a queen. So this is what happened:

From one of the royal cells there stepped out a beautiful princess.

Now, seventeen days before, this princess had been nothing but an egg. The egg had lain in its little cell for three days, and then a grub had emerged. For five days this little grub was fed by the nurse bees, not on the ordinary food that is given to little bees, but on food that is kept only for royalty. And then the nurses had covered in the cell with wax, and left the little grub to itself, to spin a cocoon. This took one day—and then, two days later, after it had had a good rest, the grub was transformed into a real baby bee, and on the seventeenth day stepped out from the cell—a beautiful princess.

The princess uttered a loud cry—a long, piping note—and at once all the hive was thrown into the greatest state of excitement. The bees stopped working, and flocked to see the new princess, flying about in the maddest way, now rushing in a body out of the hive, only to stream back again a moment later—but maddest of all was the old queen-mother.

Directly she heard the piping note of the young princess she threw herself into a violent temper, and doubtless she would have fallen upon her poor daughter, and stung her to death, had not so many of the other bees blocked her way. Old queen bees are always furious when princesses step out from their cells, for they hate to think of anyone else ruling in their places.



Photos *Clapperton.*

At last the carnation hung over the side of the box on which the skep rested. Three bees then alighted on the flower, and their weight soon tipped it over the edge on to the ground.

The excitement of all the bees was so

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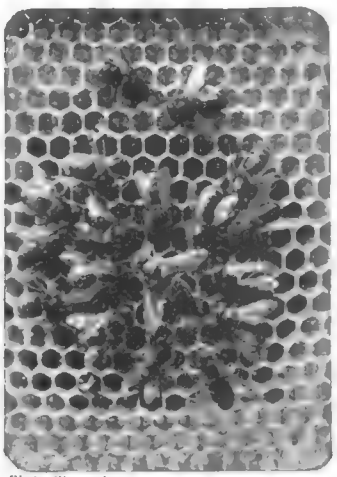
great, that soon the hive became very hot—and at last the old queen bee, feeling uncomfortable, and finding herself unable to kill the princess, determined to fly away and find a new home. And so she made her way to the door of the hive, and then sprang into the air, and at once a great cloud of bees streamed after her, and the cloud floated away—away from the dear old home that they had filled to overflowing with treasure, to come to rest beside their queen, who alighted on the bough of a tree near by. Wave after wave of bees alighted beside her, until a great cluster hung from the bough, a golden, shimmering mass.

Now the bee-keeper, whose duty it was to care for this hive that I am telling you about, had watched the bees swarming, and had made ready for them a nice new clean hive, wherein they might make a new home. Directly he saw that the swarm had settled, he took an empty box and placed it on the ground just below the cluster.

And then, knowing well that all the bees were far too happy to think of stinging anyone, he gently shook the bough from which the cluster hung, and the great ball of bees dropped down into the empty box; and though some of them settled upon his hands, his arms, and his face, not one thought of stinging him, but from all the bees came a buzzing song of happiness.



Photo, Clapperton.

Right in the centre of the circle of bees is the queen bee, who is the mother of all in the hive. She is treated with great respect, and her subjects never turn their faces away from her, but walk backwards out of her presence.

The day of their swarming is the happiest day in the life of the bees, the one day when they make holiday.

The bee-keeper spread a cloth from the box wherein the cluster had fallen to the entrance of the new hive which stood near by on the ground; and then in a very short time all the bees, in long black files, had followed the queen into their new home, had wandered all over it from top to bottom, and had settled down, still singing their glad hymn, to begin the work of building up a new bee city.

The old hive must have seemed very deserted to the few bees who remained with the new princess, after the old queen and her swarm had departed—for only a few thousand bees had stayed behind with her, to care for all the baby bees in the nursery cells.

They set to work at once to tidy up the hive and to put things straight—and the princess, who was to become their queen, married a handsome drone gentleman, and on a beautiful summer morning went away for a honeymoon flight in the blue sky. Then her husband had died, and she had returned at once to the darkness of the hive to settle down to her work as queen, and to pass the rest of her days laying eggs.

Soon work went on as merrily as before, some of the bees cleaning the hive, some of them flying out to the flowers, others busying themselves in the great nursery, where thousands and thousands of baby bees were almost ready to leave their little cells. And the bees knew that in a very few days the hive would be filled again with a new stock of little bees.

For quite sixty thousand little bees would come out from the cells of the nursery. But the new queen knew that among these sixty thousand babies would be four princesses; and I am sorry to say that she made up her mind to kill the little princesses. So this is a sad part of the story, and I will pass over the way in which the queen attacked, and killed in turn, each of the princesses even before they had come out from their royal cells. It is a law of the little bee people that only one member of the royal family may live in the hive.

But all the other baby bees who were born were brought up with the most loving care by their nurses, and when two weeks old each of the new bees had grown wise enough to be able to fly out, to visit the flowers, and forage for honey. And so it was not long before the old hive was filled with a new race of little people, who were just as clever in working for their queen as those thousands of older bees who had flown away.

And now I will tell you what happened in the new hive where these bees who had swarmed had made their home.

In the hive a new city of cells had been built by the bee builders. Imagine what a work that must have been! When the bees had entered their new home, they had found only a great house that had been fitted up

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with frames by the bee-keeper, where thousands upon thousands of little rooms must be built. The house had to be swept clean; wax had to be made for the cells, and the cells built where the queen might lay her eggs which would turn into the bee workers, and where stores might be kept.

It took the bees several days to finish all this work—but just *how* they did it, how they made wax out of honey, and how they knew the way to build those beautiful little six-sided cells, no one is wise enough to say. The queen bee was very impatient whilst the work was going on, as she wished to begin laying her eggs; and directly a cell was ready, she would hurry up to it, surrounded by her maids of honour, and drop a little egg in—an egg so small that you could hardly have seen it at all. From one cell she would hurry on to the next, her ladies-in-waiting feeding her, caressing her, helping her in every way—always with their faces turned towards her—and so hard did she work that in one day she would lay between one and two thousand eggs. In due time, in three weeks or so, from each egg would come a baby bee.

Not a moment of the bright summer days was wasted by any of the busy bees in the new hive, except by the great lazy drones, who did nothing but drink honey, sleep, and bask in the sun. The others gathered so much honey, that when, on a hot day in August, the bee-keeper visited the hive to reap the bee's harvest he carried away with him nearly seventy pounds of the delicious golden honey. But the bees did not seem to mind the loss of their treasure, and only worked all the harder to lay up a good store before the cold days of autumn set in.

It was just before autumn began, in the month of September, that the long-suffering bees had their revenge on the great, stupid, lazy drones, who had lived such luxurious lives whilst they had toiled so hard. For in this new hive that I have been telling you about, as well as in the old hive that I told you about at first, and in every other bee-hive in the country, an order was given, on a day in the month of September, that all the drones were to be put to death.

And so early one morning, whilst the drones were still sleeping, the working bees, who had quite lost their patience with the drones, and were now very angry with them, set upon them and dragged them to the floor of the hive, and began to tear off their wings.

Three or four of the little angry working bees set upon each great stupid drone, and the drones were too helpless, having no stings, to offer any resistance. One by one they were carried, wingless, to the door of the hive, and thrown down to the ground—where death soon came to them. And so the bees massacred all the idle drones, and the ground was strewn with the corpses of the giants.

Then work went forward again, and the honey of the autumn flowers was gathered. But soon the days shortened, and the nights grew longer, and rain and cold winds set in, and many bees died. A great longing for sleep came over all the tired workers. They began to gather round their queen, to form a great cluster in the centre of the hive. The bee-keeper came, and half-closed the doors, and threw warm coverings over the hive; and soon all the bees, snugly clustered together, fell fast asleep, to dream away the winter.

I stopped, to find that two little people in pink pinafores were fast asleep, too. But I flattered myself that I had told them all the same an uncommonly improving story!

A NEW PAPER

THE attention of readers of this Magazine is specially drawn to a new publication, which makes its appearance to-day. It will appeal more especially to those who appreciate good wholesome fiction. Each number contains A COMPLETE NOVELETTE, of 10,000 or 12,000 words in length; HALF-A-DOZEN SHORT COMPLETE STORIES; A LARGE INSTALMENT OF A POWERFUL SERIAL; and A DOZEN ARTICLES ON GENERAL SUBJECTS. The title of the new paper is . . .

SMITH'S WEEKLY.

In character and contents it is quite unlike any paper at present published. The price is One Penny, and it is published every Tuesday morning. The first number is now on sale. . . .

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THE HIGHWAYMEN

He opened the door, touched his hat, and said: "You must get out, miss."

A Modern Highway Robbery with a Happy Ending.

By Jessie Pope.

There was nothing particular about the Jefferies' dance as a dance, and yet it marks an incident in my life and in the lives of aunties' coachman and footman that we shall remember to our dying day.

In the first place, auntie did not want me to go at all: she had the influenza herself, and announced it was highly improper for a girl like me to be driving about the country roads alone at that time of night. I was kind, but firm, for I meant to go.

As I stepped into the brougham, the lamplight caught my jewels and their beauty thrilled me with triumph, for they flashed back with all the colours of the rainbow. Tomlin, the footman, held open the door, and even the footman's admiration was not to be despised, for he was a particularly good-looking young man himself.

I meant going to the dance, because someone would be there whom I liked more than a little. His name was Horace, and I wanted him to think I was the nicest girl in the world. That was why I had taken so long dressing, and had put on all my "Sunday best" jewellery to agreeably remind him of my social importance.

My frock was the tenderest shade of mauve and it shimmered and glistened with every movement, and whenever a ray of light stole into the carriage window my diamonds were wonderful to watch.

I looked my best, Horace looked his best—but alas! There was another, and, though even now I cannot tell what he saw in her, they danced together seven times, not to mention supper. He put three down with me, but I soon discovered that I was out of the running. We danced the first, he cut the second, and I cut the third, not that I flattered myself he had the smallest intention of turning up.

However, I *did* manage to get through the evening without bursting into tears, and I remember I came in for plenty of attention that I had no use for. At two o'clock I said good-bye to my hostess, for all that remained was to slink back home, to bed and oblivion.

Once again my jewels flashed as I stepped into the carriage, and I could not help noticing that Tomlin's face seemed unusually pale, though I was quite indifferent to the matter. Ah! well, we all have our bitter moments. For my part, I hardly knew how to endure my mortification as I leant back among the cushions, and, undoubtedly, gnawing heartache would have been my lot for many a day to come if I had not met with a cure so sudden that I was heartwhole before I reached home, and so effectual that I never thought of Horace till I remembered I had forgotten him.

We were on the lower road that leads through Pinkney's Marsh—not that there is much marsh left now—when all at once the carriage stopped and Tomlin's handsome, white face appeared at the window. He opened the door, touched his hat, and said:

"You must get out, miss."

"Get out," I repeated. "Why, has anything happened?"

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"We're not playing a game," he snarled, "now, off with 'em, or shall I help you—my lady?"

"Something's going to happen," he said hurriedly. "Get out please, miss, get out at once!"

Naturally I lost no time in doing so.

Greg, the coachman, was standing in the road close by. Auntie frequently said that Greg would give style to a dust-cart, but I never liked the man. He had not been with us very long, and I had always distrusted his face, his spare, blue cheeks, watchful eyes, and thin, ill-tempered mouth.

He came up quite close to me and began to speak. I listened in absolute amazement. I wasn't going to be harmed, he said, not if I behaved myself; if I didn't he wouldn't answer for consequences.

He then calmly requested me to take off my diamonds and give them to him. I simply stared and said "what for?" He replied, because he wanted them and Tomlin wanted them, and, what's more, they meant to have them, and if I thought of kicking up a noise, in the first place there was no one to hear me, and in the second they had a very good way of stopping it if I began.

Indignant I was, frightened I was not, and if my heart began to beat quickly it did so of its own accord.

"Greg?" I exclaimed, "how dare you!" He laughed.

"That's all right," he remarked, "I'm not a timid man."

I faced the footman, "*Tomlin*," I said very gently, "*Tomlin!*"

But Tomlin's face was bitterly resolute.

"I'm not Tomlin any longer," he returned harshly, "I've dropped all that, and what we've begun you may be sure we mean to finish."

Had they been strangers I might have fainted with terror, as it was their familiar faces gave the whole affair a ludicrous aspect, and my spirit grew fierce within me.

"Greg!" I exclaimed, "go back to your place this instant, and you, Tomlin, into yours. You are both mad, or perhaps you have been drinking. Let me have no more of this foolishness, and I will conclude you have been drinking."

The coachman, who had never spoken to me before without touching his hat, now to my amazement caught hold of me roughly by my bare arm.

"We're not playing a game," he snarled, "now, off with 'em, or shall I help you—my lady?"

Then I began to tremble.

"Tomlin!" I cried entreatingly, "fight for me—you'll never, never be such a coward—" My voice broke, words failed me. I looked helplessly round in the darkness and suddenly realised how dark it was.

"Let go, Greg," I cried with sudden petulance, "I will give them to Tomlin—not to you." He laughed and released me—and quick as thought I made a dash into the blackness among the bushes. I knew the marsh well, but alas, almost at the first instant of my flight I tripped over a satin frill, the next I was held in Tomlin's tight embrace.

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The extreme novelty of this position completed my discomforture, and while Greg stood over me growling threats and Tomlin held me fast, I hastily unfastened my beautiful jewels from the radiant necklet to the pendant trinkets which sparkled innocently as Greg dropped them into a little cotton bag.

All this time I was crying bitterly, and I could feel the wet mud oozing into my satin slippers and through my silk stockings. It didn't take ten minutes to despoil me of my treasures, and when it was done I stood watching stupidly while Greg sprang into his seat and the footman ran round to his.

"What am *I* to do?" I exclaimed. Greg looked down at me and cheerily advised me to get back as soon as I could, and give his respects to the old lady.

Then, down came the lash on the horses necks and they were off at a bound, but before they vanished in the darkness, I saw the footman's face turn once.

Fortunately, the night was warm and the moon shook herself free from the clouds and shone out brilliantly. I had walked home from Pinkney's Marsh before, but never in such fairy-like attire. I may have been a picturesque figure in the moonlight; I was far from a comfortable one.

Still it had got to be done, and a tumult of passionate feeling spurred me forward while the tears streamed down my face and my sobs and ejaculations broke the silence.

It was easy to guess which way the thieves had flown, for the next turn out of the High Road led to Salbourne, that disreputable little seaport, which once gained, provides welcome, shelter, disguise, or transport for all the shady customers of our countryside.

It was just as I reached this turning that I became aware of something dark in the road before me. A few paces further and the dark object assumed the shape of a carriage.

It was auntie's brougham standing motionless against the bank. The cobs were on their feet, but one stood trembling violently as if it had but just scrambled up, the box seat was empty, but I gradually became aware of a figure sitting against the hedge while another lay prostrate in the road.

I turned to the first, it was the footman. His head was leaning on his hand, the other arm looked peculiar and a dark stream was trickling down his face.

"What's happened?" I said.

He looked up and gave a dreadful start, then turned away and groaned. It was evident the bold highwaymen had come to grief and I saw my prospects growing brighter. I walked across to where the coachman lay: at first I thought he was dead, but when Tomlin, in answer to my cry of horror, turned him over he began to groan and swear with the most horrible energy.

"Let us try to get him into the carriage," I said, "he's not dead; but he seems very bad." The footman looked at me.

"Oh, miss——" was all he said, "oh, miss——"

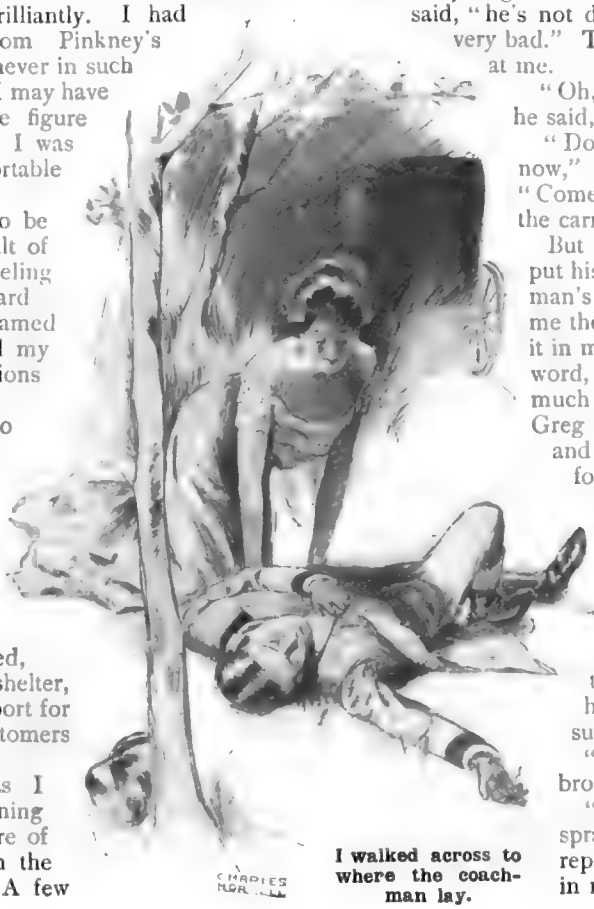
"Don't think of that now," I said quickly. "Come, let us get him into the carriage."

But first of all Tomlin put his hand in the coachman's coat and handed me the cotton bag. I put it in my pocket without a word, and together, with much exertion, we hoisted Greg into the carriage and made him as comfortable as we could.

It was only when we stood outside in the moonlight and I saw the perspiration glistening on the footman's ashy face that I remembered he, too, was hurt and suffering.

"Is your arm broken?" I said.

"Only a bit of a sprain, miss," he replied—then looking in my face for the first



I walked across to where the coachman lay.

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time he said: "It's this way, Miss——. We two chaps has got to go to gaol, no doubt about that. But if——" he hesitated, "if you don't mind getting in along with him, I'll drive you home and take him on to the Cottage 'Awspital—they can fetch us from there."

"No—Tomlin," I said, "I shan't say anything about it, beyond we've had a spill—You'll have to leave, of course, and all I ask is you'll live an honest life in future."

The footman opened his quivering mouth, shut it without speaking, made another attempt, leaned his head against the box and burst out crying.

Well, my tears came, too. I couldn't help it. He sobbed out such a wretched story of betting and bad fortune. Luck had gone first, then pluck, then honour, and it was clear to me that Greg's bad influence had begun the whole business, as his bad driving had finished it. The footman may have been a scamp, and I may have been a fool, but I'm sure he was sorry, and I forgave him at once.

But, clearly, he could not drive, and as I was once again mistress of the situation, in spite of his protests, I packed him off in the brougham beside his colleague, and picking up my satin skirts I climbed into the box myself. Fortunately, I knew those cobs well—the greediest and laziest auntie ever lost money over. Nevertheless, I drove carefully and very gravely, until suddenly the absurdity of the situation flashed across me, and I laughed and laughed until the tears rolled down my cheeks afresh.

The lodge-keeper was looking out for us, and I speedily ended his ejaculations by making him take my place, and drive the "unfortunate victims," as the local paper called them, to the Cottage Hospital. Some ten minutes later, I presented myself to my astonished relatives, and though my frock was completely ruined, my diamonds were flashing as radiantly as ever.

A change of air was thought necessary to cure my cold, and when I got back they told me that Tomlin had left the neighbourhood, and the coachman had left the country—having less faith in a woman's word. Auntie has often regretted my selfishness that lost her two such valuable servants, and she cannot conceive why I keep a little dirty cotton bag in my cabinet among my curiosities.

HER LITTLE FEET

(A MEMORY.)

WHEN first I spied her little feet,
So very daintily displayed,
Methought it would be passing sweet
To dance with such a fairy maid.

I prayed her that such bliss might be.
She smiled. I clasped her perfect waist.
We danced but once; and yet, ah, me!
Her mem'ry ne'er can be effaced.

Long years have passed since then, and yet
In joy or pain, in shower or shine,
Nay, till I die I'll ne'er forget
Her little feet that danced . . . *on mine.*

J. J. B.

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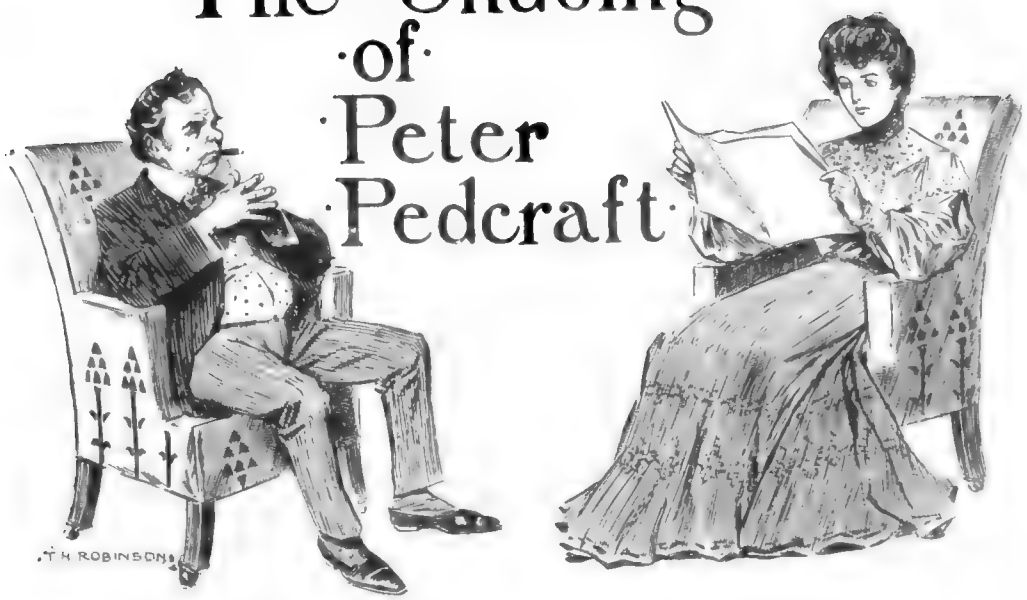
The Undoing of Peter Pedcraft



The Story of a New Fashion amongst Women, and what Befell its Originator.

By W. D. Nesbit.

"If it's foolish enough," said Peter Pedcraft, while the cigar in the corner of his mouth jumped quickly up and down, "I say, if it's foolish enough, and sufficiently idiotic, there's nothing a woman won't wear."

"But, my dear, I am sure this snake bracelet is very pretty," answered Mrs. Pedcraft.

Her husband took the cigar from his lips and regarded the bracelet attentively.

"I would be willing to bet a sovereign," he asserted, "that women would wear necklaces of—let me see—of human teeth. Yes, by Jove! They'd wear necklaces of men's teeth if they thought the things were likely to become the 'rage.'"

"Horrible!" shuddered his wife.

"It is horrible, but, for all that, I say they would wear them. Yes: and I'll guarantee you would be the first to catch the craze, and in a short time you would be bragging about having more men's teeth in your necklace than your next-door neighbour had on hers.

"But fortunately," protested his wife, "fortunately there is no such fashion as that, and never will be for that matter. Besides, such an idea is absurd—mad—impossible!"

"Precilla," returned Mr. Pedcraft solemnly, "were you a man I would be open to wager that within a year a woman that does not own a necklace of men's teeth will be distinctly out of it."

Mr. Pedcraft shut his teeth tight to clinch his words.

"You *are* silly!" was the emphasised retort.

Mr. Pedcraft sat up straight in his chair.

"Silly!" he exclaimed. "Of course I am! That bears out my argument. The sillier the fashion, the greater is its hold on women."

"But they never——"

"But they will, I say! Just to show you that I am right, I will introduce the fashion amongst women of wearing necklaces hung with hen's teeth. I know they haven't any, but if I were to open a hen's tooth shop, I'd have the trade of every woman in town within a week. I'm going to inaugurate something decidedly new—quite a novelty, as the advertisements say. I'm going to bring out the thing of the century, and add something more up-to-date than diamonds or pearls to lovely women's jewel-boxes. Come early and avoid the rush. Tooth necklaces!"

"Peter, don't be——"

"Wait a year, my darling; wait a year!"

A great idea had taken possession of Peter Pedcraft's mind. He had conceived a plan of

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curing woman of her devotion to the fashion of the hour, whatever it might happen to be.

For the next two weeks Peter was preoccupied. The men at his office wondered what kept him bent over his desk so much, tearing up, writing again, and tearing up again, until at last he would hand his typist a slip of paper from which to copy what was written on it. The men questioned her afterwards, but she giggled, and would say nothing. She had been sworn to secrecy.

About six weeks later, Mrs. Pedcraft was glancing over the evening paper, when she gave a little start of surprise.

"Now, isn't that odd?" she exclaimed. "Here is a bit from *Society Gossip* which makes me think of something you said not long ago."

This is what she read:

"Mdlle. Fleherté, the celebrated soprano, created a sensation in Paris this week by appearing at the Opera in a dazzling costume, and wearing a necklace composed of peculiar little trinkets of ivory. The necklace gleamed with remarkable brilliancy. Its peculiarity became all the more apparent when Mdlle. Fleherté afterwards admitted to our correspondent that it was constructed entirely of men's teeth.

The idea, at first, makes the ordinary person shudder, but it is claimed that the teeth, when highly polished, and, if desired, carved into cameo-like figures, are really beautiful. Already many Society women have placed orders for similar necklaces with several leading Parisian jewellers."

"I told you so!" commented Mr. Pedcraft curtly.

The next week the newspaper notices began to increase.

The idea was gaining headway—biting its way, so to speak—amongst the smart women of Paris, Berlin, and Rome. The Countess Orelana had exacted an eye-tooth from each of her admirers, and with the latter's monogram carved on each tooth, had created a vast sensation.

Timidly, almost reluctantly, London took it up. Miss Gladys James, who had been one of the first to drive her own motor-car in Hyde Park, led the way in adopting the new necklace. Mrs. Higham-Sinclair ran her a close second. Their pictures appeared simultaneously in the papers, Miss James having worn her necklace while shopping in the morning and Mrs. Higham-Sinclair having displayed hers at a matinée.

Peter Pedcraft was aglow with joy. Each day he would carry home an arm-load of newspapers, and triumphantly point out to his wife any articles on the teeth necklace, accompanying each one with his sardonic—"I told you so, didn't I?"

But why recount ancient history? At the end of six months from the time when Mademoiselle Fleherté was said to have worn her tooth necklace that lady had grown tired of denying the story, and had purchased one herself and had come to England on tour. There, too, she found that the necklace fad had got a firm hold of the "smart set." Men proved their devotion to their sweethearts and wives by having a tooth, or even half a dozen teeth pulled out, that they might be carved and polished to gleam above the hearts of the fair ones. This put the manufacturers of false teeth in a dilemma. They could no longer supply the dentists, as the whole of their output was swallowed up by makers of necklaces, who did not hesitate to mingle artificial with the real teeth. Matched sets of wisdom teeth were valued above rubies, and diamonds were a drug on the market.

Peter Pedcraft was both angry and delighted one evening when he came home and found his wife gloating over a jewel-box. In it, lying on a bed of velvet, was a tooth necklace.

"I told you so, didn't I?" he cried.

"But my dear," was the lame reply, "all fashionable women are wearing them. They are quite the 'rage,' you must know that?"

"Wasn't that my argument? Didn't I declare that if all the women thought all other women would wear the same thing, then they would be convinced that they must follow suit—fashion you call it. Bah! It makes me tired! If they knew—if they only knew!"

"If they knew what?" absently murmured Mrs. Pedcraft.

"If they only knew how they have been fooled!" laughed Peter, dropping into a chair.

"Fooled?"

"Yes. Don't you know I said I could make them all wear tooth necklaces within a year?"

"Yes, I remember, but——"

"But that's what I've done. That first paragraph about Mademoiselle Fleherté and her new necklace of men's teeth was a fake. I wrote it myself and got a newspaper friend of mine to put it in his paper. After that it was easy. All I did was to give the thing a start and it ran itself."

"Pe—ter Ped—craft! Do—you—mean—to—say—that——"

"I—mean—to—say," mimicked Peter, "that I have proved that women are willing to wear anything, provided it is silly enough!"

Mrs. Pedcraft gasped. Then she

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clasped the necklace about her neck, came over and kissed him.

"Only to think," she cried, "that I am the wife of the man who originated the most popular fashion of the twentieth century!"

She swept from the room, leaving her husband staring after her in weak amazement.

He sat and thought. Instead of driving home a salutary lesson he had only contributed one more to the endless strings of fads—and he had devised the worst fad ever known! He had made the world a place of lispings, of pain, of dyspeptics because of imperfect eating powers—for men had sacrificed teeth by the hundreds of thousands upon the altar of pride and fashion. What should he do?

"I will go and have a drink," thought Peter Pedcraft.

Absorbed in his thoughts, he did not notice two evil-looking men stealthily creeping up behind him.

He left his house and started down the street. Absorbed in his thoughts, he did not notice two evil-looking men stealthily creeping up behind him. Suddenly a cloth saturated with chloroform was clapped over his nostrils, and when his struggles ceased he was dragged down a dark alley. There one of the men produced a pair of forceps, and one by one the teeth of Peter Pedcraft were extracted!

"Let him lie there, mate," said the larger of the two Hooligans. "He's comin' to now, an' he'll be all right. We're a couple of hundred quid better off than we were five minutes back! Not bad grinders, eh Bill?"

Next day the teeth of Peter Pedcraft, polished, turned and carved, passed over a counter in a brand-new necklace destined to grace the dashing Mademoiselle Fleherté.

Next day Peter Pedcraft, mumbling words scented with carbolic acid, tossed upon a cot in his home, hurling inarticulate epithets at the nurse, whilst his wife applauded the singing of Mademoiselle Fleherté and turned almost green with envy at the sight of Mademoiselle's exquisite, gleaming, perfect tooth necklace.

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The Great Banyan Tree is a native of India. It is remarkable for its drooping branches, which, when they touch the ground, take root and form separate stems, thus adding to the enormous size of the tree.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

The Editor is Always in Need of Curious Photographs for these Pages, and is Pleased to Pay for all that Prove Suitable.

A TREE THAT IS A FOREST IN ITSELF.

No one would imagine that the large tract of woodland, the whole of which the photograph fails to take in, is composed of one tree—the Banyan tree.

Of course the particular tree is of exceptional size. Even amongst its own species it is a giant, and it is known in Calcutta, where it is still growing, as the "Great" Banyan tree.

In the photograph many trunks can be seen which, at first, lead one to suppose that each one supports a separate tree. But they are only the stems —off-shoots of the parent tree. Moreover, they belong and are connected with it.

The way these stems are formed is most curious. When the branches of the trees reach their fullest extent they droop down until they reach the ground. There they speedily take root and form, as it were, separate stems. From these stems branches sprout, which in a few months droop down to the earth, when the same thing happens over again.

A MAMMOTH MELON.

Of all gourds, including the vegetable marrow, those that attain the largest size are the water melon and pumpkin.

In California, where the huge melon shown in the photograph was grown, thousands of acres of land are given over solely to the cultivation of melons.

By carefully selecting, year by year, the seeds only from the largest fruits, the melon farmers, as they are called, have been able to bring them up to an enormous size.

The melon is put to a useful purpose in some parts of California. After the pulp has been scooped out the rind is used for holding water, and, in some cases, as a washtub.

The melon here reproduced stood almost five feet in height, and it weighed 350 pounds. Its immense size is shown by comparing it with the man standing beside it. Although he wins by a foot in height yet the melon far surpasses him in girth, and it weighed nearly twice as much.

A huge water-melon, weighing 350 pounds, which was grown in California.

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A HOUSE OF SNOW.

This snow house was built last winter by a switch operator beside the street railway, running past the grounds of the Capitol, in Washington.

During the intervals when he had not to be attending to the switches, he found the cold more than he could bear. To protect himself from the biting wind he at first shovelled the snow into a mound. Then it occurred to him to hollow the mound out. Working at odd times this took him one day. At the end of that time he had transformed the heap into a typical Eskimo snow hut.

He made the roof high enough to allow himself to stand upright, and added a graceful arch to the front. Inside he carved a comfortable snow bench, which he covered with many newspapers and a rug.

In height the house was nine feet, its diameter thirteen feet, and the circumference about forty.

A snow hut built beside the street lines last winter by a switch operator near the Capitol, Washington.

THE STRANGE RESULT OF A RAILWAY COLLISION.

Railway accidents have not often such a harmless and curious ending as this one had. It happened in Towanda, Pennsylvania, and in this way.

By some oversight three trucks had been shunted on to the main line a few minutes before an express train was due. Before there was time to remove the trucks, the train, travelling at full speed, crashed into them with terrific force.

When the smoke cleared away it was seen that the first truck, instead of being scattered over the line in fragments, had by some extraordinary means been forced up and deposited, very little damaged, on to the top of the engine.

What is perhaps still more strange, the engine itself was so little damaged that it was able to journey on to Waverly, the next station, with the truck still resting on the funnel and driver's box.

The curious result of a collision between an American express train and three trucks. The foremost truck, instead of being telescoped, was by some unaccountable means deposited on the top of the engine.

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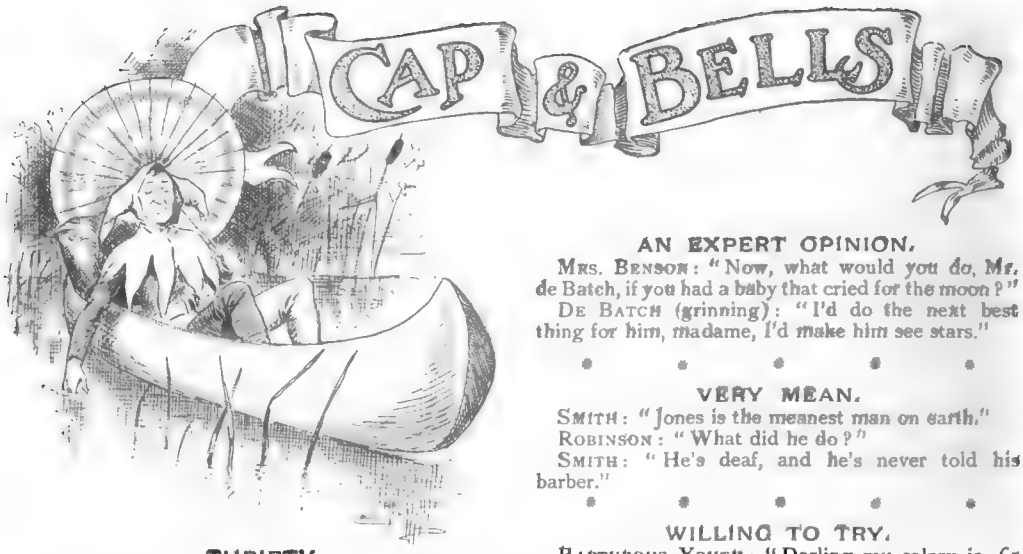


THRIFTY.

LITTLE GIRL: "Mrs. Grey, ma wants to know if she can borrow a dozen eggs. She wants to put 'em under a hen."

NEIGHBOUR: "So you've got a hen sitting, have you? I didn't know that you kept hens."

LITTLE GIRL: "No, ma'am, we don't; but Mrs. Smith is going to lend us a hen that is going to sit, and ma thought that if you'd lend us some eggs we'd find a nest ourselves."

* * * * *

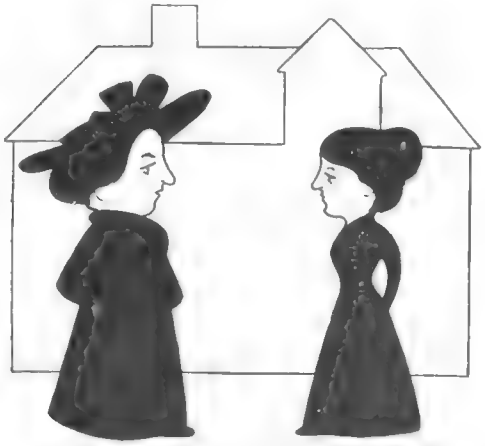
CAUGHT HIM!

MRS. BROWN: "I had to cook that fish at once, as I was afraid it wouldn't keep."

BROWN: "Great Scott! I'll go straight down to the market and give that man a piece of my mind!"

MRS. BROWN: "Stop a minute, my dear. It was the fish you caught yourself this afternoon."

* * * * *



Fair Visitor: "So you have really decided not to sell your house?"

Fair Hostess: "Yes. You see we placed the matter in the hands of an estate agent, but after reading his lovely advertisement about our properly, neither John nor myself could think of parting with such a wonderful and perfect home!"

AN EXPERT OPINION.

MRS. BENSON: "Now, what would you do, Mr. de Batch, if you had a baby that cried for the moon?"

DE BATCH (grinning): "I'd do the next best thing for him, madame, I'd make him see stars."

* * * * *

VERY MEAN.

SMITH: "Jones is the meanest man on earth."

ROBINSON: "What did he do?"

SMITH: "He's deaf, and he's never told his barber."

* * * * *

WILLING TO TRY.

RAPTUROUS YOUTH: "Darling my salary is £5 a week. Do you think you could live on that?"

HIS AFFIANCED: "Why, yes, George, I can get along on that. But what'll you live on?"

* * * * *

Judge Knott: "I'll give you two years."

Prisoner: "Me Lud, I don't ask you for mercy—all I want is justice."

Judge Knott (to clerk): "Then change the sentence from two to ten years."

* * * * *

TRUE HUMILITY.

FATHER (solemnly): "This thrashing is going to hurt me more than you, Johnnie."

JOHNNIE (sympathetically): "Well, don't be too rough on yourself, dad; I ain't worth it."

* * * * *

A LAST RESOURCE.

MAUD: "What do you do when a man persists in asking for a dance and you don't care to dance with him?"

MARIE: "Tell him my card is full."

MAUD: "But supposing it isn't, and he still persists?"

MARIE: "Then I insist that it is, and let him see that it isn't."

* * * * *

"Mamma," said the little girl, peering in between two uncut leaves of a magazine, "how did they ever get the printing in there?"

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ONE THAT COULDN'T BE MADE UP.

"It has come to this at last!" sobbed the lovely bride of a month. "The first quarrel!"

"What, with your husband?" enquired a pitying friend.

"N—no," she faltered, lifting her tear steeped eyes; "much worse. With the cook!"

* * * * *

IMPERTINENCE.

OLD GENTLEMAN: "So you'd like to become my son-in-law?"

MR. HARDUPP: "Yes, sir, if you can afford it."

* * *

A READY INTELLECT.

Mamma: "Ethel, how often have I told you about leaving your crusts? There may come a day when you will be glad to get them."

Ethel (demurely): "Yes, mamma, that's what I'm saving them for."

* * * *

HOW HE KEPT COOL.

The suburbanite stopped in the shelter of an entrance way to light a cigar, and his friend paused to watch the operation.

"I never should have thought Thompson a man with much presence of mind," said the friend reflectively. "I have seen him go off the hooks on very slight provocation."

"But he came out strong this time," said the suburbanite between puffs, "remarkably strong. A number of people noticed it. Just after the accident, when the cars were piled at the bottom of the embankment and tongues of flame were beginning to show here and there in the wreck, Thompson was the coolest man anywhere about."

"You don't say so."

"It is a fact. He was the one the refrigerator car fell on."

* * *

MOST ANNOYING.

"We must part," he declared with quivering lip.

The wife stood silent with averted head.

"It is impossible for us to live together," he insisted as he fastened the only life preserver on board to his person.

Then the vessel foundered,

GREEDY.

HE: "Won't you give me one kiss before I go?"

SHE: "And if I give you just one will you be satisfied?"

HE: "Yes, darling."

SHE: "Then you won't get it."

* *

DUTY.

Historical Novelist: "Now, don't let anyone disturb me. I must finish that book of mine to-day."

His Wife: "Is it so important as that?"

Historical Novelist: "Is it? Why, the publishers have already sold a hundred thousand copies!"

* * * *

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG.

JACK: "You said once you loved me more than anything else in the world."

HELEN: "But that, my dear, was before I found Fido."

* * * *

NOT A FLATTERER.

"What a flatterer you are to tell her she speaks French without the least accent."

"Why, of course, dear, without the least French accent."

* * *

CHANGED.

A tall, stern woman waits for me
When I come home too late.
However light my footsteps be,
She's there as sure as fate.

Oh, can this be the timid maid
Of shy and girlish charms,
Who of a mouse has been afraid
And fainted in my arms?

* * *

NO WONDER.

MRS. TALKALOT: "What makes you talk so much in your sleep, Joseph?"

JOSEPH: "It's the only chance I ever get."

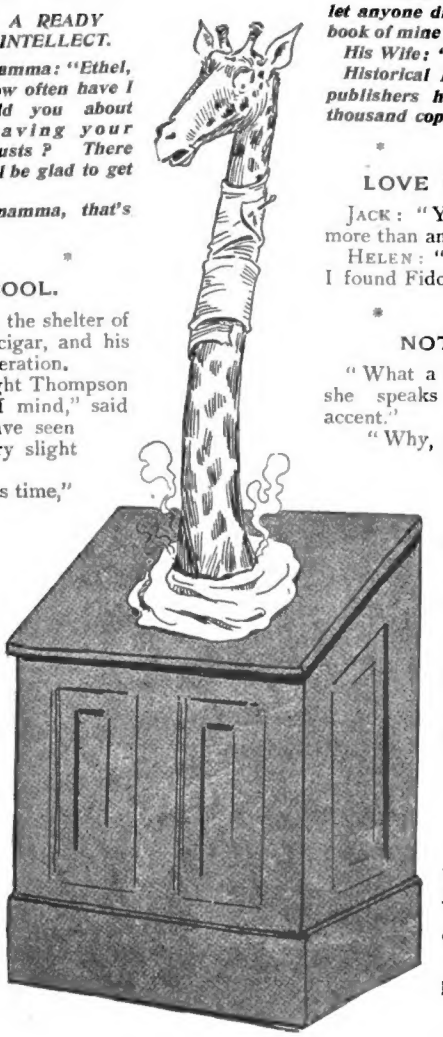
* * *

IT SOUNDED LIKE A COW.

FOND MOTHER: "Oh, Harry, baby can say 'cow'! Say 'cow' baby."

BABY: "Moo!"

FOND MOTHER: "There! Isn't that cute."



A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE!

Mr. Giraffe: "I was told that if I took a vapour bath it would cure my sore throat!"

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THE LIKENESS.

The portrait tumbled from the wall
And hit the young man's head.
"A striking likeness!" That was all
The rueful punster said.

* * *

HE KNEW.

SHE: "Did you know that Maud has a dark room on purpose for proposals?"

HE: "Well, rather. I developed a negative there myself last night."

* * * *

QUITE SATISFACTORY.

***She:* "Stop! You shan't kiss me to-night, at least not before I have had an explanation. I heard to-day that you had been engaged to sixteen different girls!"**

***He:* "But that was before I had seen your angel face, my love."**

***She:* "So it was, to be sure. I never thought of that."**

* * * * *

THE A. B. C. OF THE PRINTING BUSINESS.

THE morning after Johnnie Smith began his apprenticeship in a printing office, his mother received the following letter:—

"DEAR MOTHER:—I suppose you are aching to know how I am getting along, which is splendid. I pied the first stickful I set up, in trying to empty it on a galley, and had to set it all over again, when I bribed the Devil (printer's) to empty it for me. Buckley thought I would make a printer in time, and advised me to go somewhere and learn the business and then come back and be the foreman. I want you to see how well I'm doing, so I send you a proof of my *take*:—

"mY sEt.

"'pRiZteis s HouLDn'ot Put oZ ANy aIRS anv BodY can se t t Ype wHo Knows anÁTHing. Ai! Yo'V got to DO is to PicK wP tHe LEtters, And set Them UP In A rOw, witTH SpaseS and sTops.,—: ; ' its JUst as EaSy—wHeN YoU know hOW To do It, ... aS anyTHING ElSe—you haVe got To look OUT aNd get the leTTerS riGhT sipə UP. Which As You sEt tHeE UPSIDE DOWN, is A liTtLE diFiCULT AT fiRst :—BeE I like trying To reaDa *newspapEr* standing on YOUR HEAD! Which iS not Very EasY TILL you gEt Used To it' then yoU haaə got To maxE ALl yOurE LinEs eyen anD LIgHT In the Coluw ; wHich The PriNteRs Call, . . *juStiFy-ing*.

"' LINES Are SumTi MEs as Hrr d fo JuS TIrY as SoM e men' 's Con-*duct*——whiCH May refErr tO prinTers, whO go on † striKeS : sUddENiY see * * *

"'I *have* Set ALL tHis UP in a Houre'e & A hAlf!!!'

"As the foreman said he would like to get the paper out this week, and he was afraid, if I kept at the case all day, there would be so much matter set up that he couldn't get it all in without crowding, I knocked off and called it half a day.

"But I shall not give up the printing business.

"Your loving

"JOHNNIE."

THE DECREASING SIZE OF LAPDOGS.

***Frantic Fair One:* "Oh, horrors! That wretched house-sparrow is going to use darling Lorna as nest material!"**

DETHRONED.

She sat and she sobbed in a corner alone,
A pitiful, wee little maid;
An autocrat suddenly robbed of her throne,
A sovereign basely betrayed!
All day they had left her neglected to fret,
And play with her dollies apart;
Then Mother had sent for "her own little pet"—
And mother had broken her heart!

For mother lay back on her mountainous bed,
So ill and so white and so thin;
But mother had ruefully shaken her head
When babbykins tried to climb in!
And mother had talked of a splendid surprise,
And lifted a bundle of lace,
Revealing to babbykins' horrified eyes—
A somebody else in her place!

And mother had quailed before babbykins' stare,
And flushed with a feeling of shame;
And, tenderly stroking the jealous one's hair,
Had whispered, "I love you the same."
And mother had told her, "I bought him for you";
But babbykins, sick with dismay,
Had said that she "didn't berleeve that was true,"
And begged her to "send it away!"

Then mother had lovingly tried to explain
(And mother had kissed her and wept);
But babbykins, hearing the king must remain,
In tears from her rival had crept! . . .
And babbykins sobbed in a corner alone,
A pitiful, wee little maid;
An autocrat suddenly robbed of her throne,
A sovereign basely betrayed!

Douglas Walshe.

* * * * *

COMPENSATION.

"At the present price of eggs," said the guest at the restaurant, "how can you serve a steak and an egg for one shilling?"

"Well," replied the waiter, lowering his voice, "we lose on the egg, of course, but we make it up on the steak."

Which the guest discovered a few minutes later to be true.

* * * * *

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

DAUGHTER: "George says he fears he can't support me in the style I've been accustomed to."

THE FATHER: "Marry him anyhow. I can't keep it up much longer myself."

* * * * *

A LIFE SAVER.

PUFFY: "Just saved a man's life."

GUFFY: "How was that?"

PUFFY: "Met a fellow in the street. Said he'd blow my brains out if I did not give him my watch, Gave him my watch."

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Ferreting is no modern sport. In prehistoric days it was greatly in favour, and perhaps rather more exciting than to-day.

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MR. EDITOR—HIS PAGE.

A WORD OR TWO ABOUT THE "FRESH AIR FUND."

Most of you, when you read these lines, will be full of joyful holiday anticipations. Perhaps some may even be seated in the train as they read—the train that carries them rapidly to the green country or the fresh sea breezes. You will soon be far away from town and noise and work and bother. A whole fortnight of unalloyed pleasure will soon be yours.

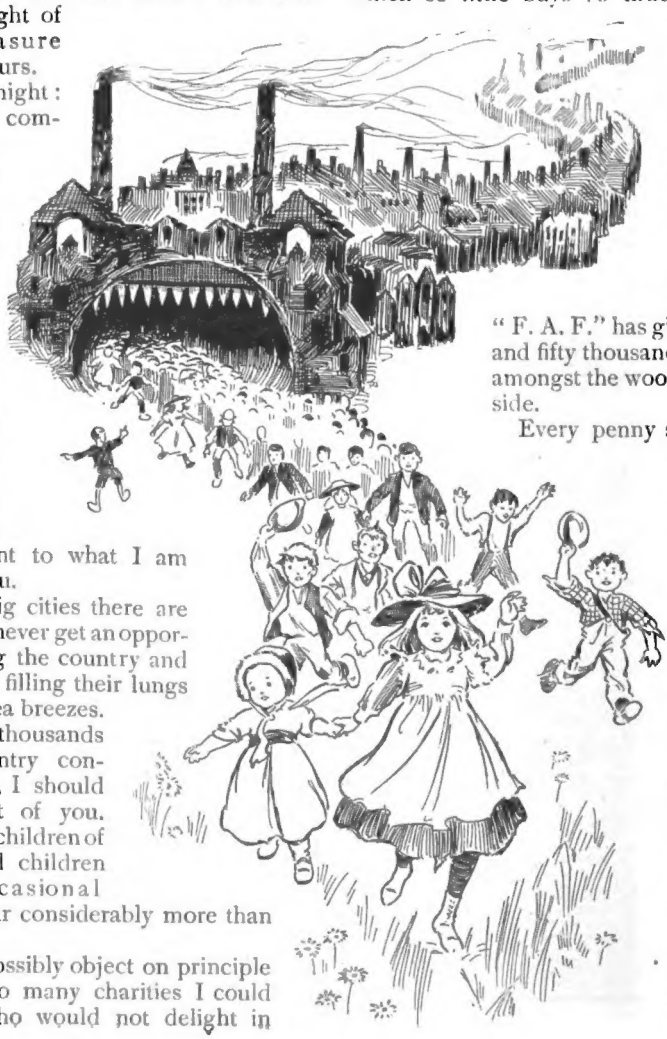
"Yes, a fortnight: that's just it," complain the grumblers, "such a wretchedly short time out of a whole year!"

Quite true. Your lot is dreadfully hard; but if it be of any comfort to know that others are a good deal worse off than yourselves, just listen a moment to what I am going to tell you.

In all our big cities there are thousands who never get an opportunity of seeing the country and the woods and filling their lungs with the fresh sea breezes. And these thousands need the country considerably more, I should say, than most of you. For they are the children of the slums—and children need an occasional whiff of fresh air considerably more than we elder folk.

You might possibly object on principle to contribute to many charities I could name. But who would not delight in being instrumental in some way or another in giving pleasure to children who come across very little of it in their lives? Not one of you. Of that I am certain.

The "Fresh Air Fund" is an organisation which has been founded to take the children into the country for at least one day in the year. There is no charity in the case of which so little buys so much. Ninepence pays all the expenses of each child, and for £8. 2s. a party of two hundred children can get a day's enjoyment in the country.



During the past twelve years the "F. A. F." has given one million and fifty thousand children a day amongst the woods or by the seaside.

Every penny subscribed goes to the children in food and fares; the working expenses being borne by the promoters, Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and The Ragged School Union.

All subscriptions should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, "Fresh Air Fund," Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

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